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AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

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DAWES VOICES OPPOSITION TO KU KLUX KLAN

Answers Davis by Declaring K. K. K. Contrary to Letter and Spirit of Constitution.

Declaring that the Ku Klux Klan is contrary to the letter and spirit of the constitution," General Charles G. Dawes added his stamp of disapproval on the order last week.

Speaking to a huge gathering of Republicans at Island park, Augusta, Me., Mr. Dawes departed from his prepared address to make the first formal reply to the challenge issued by John W. Davis, democratic candidate for president, that the Republican standard bearer also condemn the order.

Like Davis, the Republican vice presidential candidate expressed the personal belief that the klan issue "has no proper part in this or any other campaign."

Hits Labor Radicals.

General Dawes assailed "radical labor leaders" as the worst enemies of trade unionism.

Taking up the subject of his attitude toward labor—because he has been accused by the American Federation of Labor executive committee as being an apostle of the open shop—General Dawes devoted the most important part of his speech to this.

"The benefits of trade unions, honestly administered," he said, "are recognized not only by me, but by good citizens generally. It has elevated, protected and dignified labor."

The general also dealt with the acceptance speech of John W. Davis, and said:

"The speech of Mr. Davis is indicative of personal high purpose, but it is an example of that kind of oratorical presentation of general principles designed to put to sleep practical thinking as to the actual results involved at this time by a change of national administration.

"Every honest man is as indignant as Mr. Davis at betrayal by anyone of the high trust of public office, but they also expect that in discussing a matter of such importance our political orators seek to present facts in their proper and correct relation to the welfare of the people."

"LaFollette Win Means Chaos."

LaFollette success in the coming election would mean chaos, with lower wages and lower standards of living, Dawes declared.

"American labor," he said, "knows that its interests are served by the Republican party.

"Why do so many politicians of both parties continue to regard the great, intelligent, honest and conservative body of trades unionism as if it were a puppet in the hands of a few Socialist labor leaders and political demagogues.

"Let me state a great truth, which no one understands better than those fine citizens, the upright labor leaders of the country and the great body of union labor. The worst enemies of unionism and the progress of labor are the small number of radical labor leaders who attack law enforcing judges.

"In Illinois and elsewhere I have been denounced because I have opposed the kind of union tactics which have made building operations in Chicago dangerous to human life. Trades unionism abhors them as much as I do.

"Endanger Own Leadership."

"I undertake to say that the few labor leaders who in this campaign are attempting to influence patriotic, law abiding union men into political combinations with Socialists flying the red flag, more than they endanger anything else are endangering their own leadership.

"What pretext, except personal political advantage have any labor leaders in attempting to bring the question of the open shop into politics? The supreme court of the United States has held that the right of employes in a body to bargain with their employers for the closed shop is one of inalienable rights of the individual under our constitution."

The general denounced the stand of Davis on demanding that American representatives "sit as equals among equals." He said the success of the experts' committee was that it was not dragged into "political demagoguery."

He charged the Democratic nominee invited the nation back "into the fog bank of debate on the league of nations and into a referendum for which there is neither law nor procedure."

Stone Will Retain Post With Bobcats

Senator LaFollette, independent candidate for president, apparently had been relieved last week of the likelihood of being required partly to realign his forces, by the statement in New York of Warren S. Stone, head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, denying that he had resigned as treasurer of campaign funds solicited from labor organizations and their members.

Reports that Mr. Stone was preparing to relinquish the task assigned him in the independent organization, were accompanied by intimations of differences, and some talk of a split, but the latter was denied on all sides.

Mr. Stone, meanwhile, was urged to continue as treasurer, with assurance that a staff of assistants to take charge of the mass of details will be placed at his disposal.

Bavaria Is First in Beer Drinking

Bavaria holds the world's record for beer drinking with 67 gallons per person a year, a German statistician reports. Holland is next with 54½ gallons per capita. Ten years ago the average in England was 31½ gallons, but now it amounts to 39 gallons.

The French are the champion wine drinkers with 26.3 gallons per capita.

Wishbone

* * *

Defeats Equal Rights

It was a chicken wishbone that cast the first shadow on the married life of George and Bertha Beyrouty of Brooklyn, according to an affidavit filed by the husband in answer to his wife's action for separation in the Brooklyn supreme court. Mrs. Beyrouty charged her husband with having kicked and beaten her last February, but his answer read in open court placed some of the blame for their marital unhappiness on the results of a bone pulling contest.

"Three days after we married," said Beyrouty, "we pulled a wishbone of a chicken and I got the larger half. My wife told me later that this was to determine who was to be boss and she was distressed because I got the larger half.

"That night on retiring I went to bed first and when my wife went to bed later she refused to put out the light. I requested her to do so and she refused again and insisted on my getting up and putting out the light. We disputed over it for three hours and finally my wife put it out." Beyrouty's answer also informed the court that his wife had told him that "this is the United States where women are the bosses."

DAVIS HITS AT KU KLUX KLAN

Democratic Presidential Candidate Denounces Masked Order in Speech.

So far as his own campaign is concerned, John W. Davis believes he has disposed of the subject of the Ku Klux Klan.

In condemning in his Seagirt, N. J., speech last week this or any other organization that sets up a standard of racial or religious prejudice in America, and in calling upon President Coolidge to join him in removing the topic from the field of political debate, the Democratic presidential candidate sought to clarify the atmosphere and leave free the way for whole-hearted attention to those issues upon which he believes the contest is to be decided in November.

Mr. Davis' advisers say that the decision to go beyond the action of the convention that nominated him was his own. Counsel had been divided on what had become a recurring subject of discussion.

Pressure From Both Sides.

Some of his closest friends had urged that he stand upon his declaration in his acceptance speech at Clarksburg against all forms of bigotry, prejudice and intolerance, by whatever name known.

Others were equally insistent that, as clear as was his language then, the sores made in the New York convention could be healed only by a specific reference to the organization which the convention voted not to name in the national platform.

No Place in Campaign.

In deciding to dispose of the question, once and for all, as he told the New Jersey Democracy, Mr. Davis emphasized that he did not regard the subject as having a proper place in this or any other campaign and that it must not be permitted to divert attention from those issues the people must settle in the forthcoming election.

Mr. Davis declared that some of those issues already had become clear and that others would be made plainer as the campaign progressed.

WOMAN, 97, PAYS OWN EXPENSES

Aged Invalid Earns Home for Self by Knitting Fine Lace.

Earning her own living by knitting lace at the age of 97 years, although so badly crippled by paralysis that she is bedridden, is the record of Mrs. Martha Clemens, who resides at Eldersville, Washington county.

This aged woman is so skillful with her needles, and her lace is of such a fine quality, that she is unable to supply her many patrons. She finds great satisfaction in her work and declares that life is still pleasant, in spite of her handicaps, although she has been an invalid, confined to her bed, for the past eight years. Her lower limbs are paralyzed, and she has little use of her back. Despite these disabilities, she is able to lean over in her bed on her left arm, hold the thread in her left hand and operate two needles with her right hand.

Bull Fighting Writ Revoked in Jersey

A license to permit bull fighting exhibitions at the Atlantic City dog race track was revoked an hour after it was issued when the Rotary club protested to the city commissioners.

The fights were to have started last week. Acting Mayor Anthony M. Ruffus said he had granted the license on representations that there would be no bloodshed, and that rubber swords would be the only weapons.

Second Son Born to Princess Mary

Princess Mary, daughter of King George and wife of Viscount Lascelles, gave birth to her second child, a son, Aug. 21, at Goldsborough hall, one of the seats of the Lascelles family.

Princess Mary was married to Viscount Lascelles in Westminster Abbey Feb. 28, 1922. Their first child, also a boy, was born in London Feb. 7, 1923.

MISSING PILOT IS RESCUED BY NAVY CRUISER

Italian Aviator Picked Up From Drifting Plane Off Greenland Coast by Searching Vessel.

The Richmond rescued Lieutenant Locatelli, missing Italian airman, at 11:35 P. M. Sunday. He was picked up 125 miles east of Cape Farewell. The Italian flier and his companions were uninjured although fatigued.

Motor trouble had forced Locatelli to come down on the water during the flight last week from Reykjavik, Iceland. He was unable to bring his plane into the air again and drifted for 100 miles.

Locatelli requested that his airplane be destroyed and his wish was complied with.

Lieutenant Locatelli had been missing since he hopped off from Reykjavik last Thursday morning in company with Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith and Lieutenant Erik H. Nelson. He was last seen several hours later flying along the course from the Icelandic port to Frederiksdal, Greenland, but he failed to reach the latter place with the Americans.

During the earlier stages of the long hop across the Atlantic from Iceland to Greenland, the Italian aviator, using a faster machine than the type in which the Americans are making their globe encircling trip, outdistanced his companions, passing the U. S. Cruiser Richmond, some 70 miles southeast of Reykjavik, five miles ahead of Smith and Nelson.

American Search Rewarded.

When the Italian failed to arrive at Frederiksdal or to be reported from any other port near Cape Farewell at the southern tip of Greenland late Thursday night, Rear Admiral Thomas P. Magruder ordered the American war vessels on patrol near Greenland to search for him. It was this search which was rewarded Sunday night.

Locatelli's unsuccessful attempt to accompany the two Americans on the hazardous journey over 825 miles of the north Atlantic, followed a successful solitary flight from Pisa, Italy, to Iceland by way of England and Scotland. The flight was made with the sanction of the Italian government and in its later stages, particularly from Kirkwall to Hoefn Hornnafjord, Iceland, with the aid of the facilities which previously had been used by the American fliers and which had been put at Locatelli's disposal by United States authorities.

The Italian originally was to have been one of the pilots on the aerial expedition which Roald Amundsen, Norwegian explorer, planned to make to the North Pole and which later was postponed indefinitely. Locatelli then decided to make the North Pole trip, but postponed this effort until next year, considering that he needed more experience in Arctic flying before attempting the daring feat of reaching the top of the world by airplane.

He set out from Pisa July 25, intending to follow in the wake of the American around-the-world airmen.

Chinese Taxi Drivers Deprived of Garlic

Drivers of "pedicabs," a new style Chinese rickishaw with bicycle attachment, have been forbidden to eat garlic under a penalty of a $100 fine, the commerce department was advised by its representative in Shantung.

The regulations of the new company which is furnishing the "pedicabs," provide also that the drivers must wear uniforms and bathe regularly.

The company has installed several hundred "pedicabs in Shantung, relegating to the junk pile many of the ancient type of vehicle.

Auto Contest to Mark Legion Convention

The oldest automobile and the one driven the greatest distance for the national convention of the American Legion to open in St. Paul, Sept. 15, will win loving cups for their owners, it was announced at national headquarters in Indianapolis.

Only two rules govern the contest. One is that a legionnaire must enter the automobile and the other is that the machine must be photographed at the starting point, preferably in front of the railroad station, and the photograph mailed to the convention office at St. Paul.

LIGHTNING BOLT IMPERILS HOME OF COOLIDGES

Lack of Wires in Dwelling Prevents Damage When Storm Sweeps Vermont Town; Store Hit.

The President's family and the countryside in general was thankful last week that the simple little Coolidge home in Plymouth, Vt., is not wired for electric lights.

The absence of wires, say electrical workers, was all that prevented a lightning bolt from entering the house where Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge are spending their vacation, during one of the most severe rain and electrical storms that ever visited this part of Vermont.

The bolt struck a telephone pole not 50 yards from the home of the President's father, Colonel John Coolidge. The electricity darted through the wires into the Coolidge general store across the road and wrecked two telegraph sets in the temporary "executive offices" there.

An operator at one instrument narrowly escaped death. The blue flash broke almost in his face.

A few yards from the pole that was struck the secret service men guarding the executive had pitched a tent for protection from the elements during their vigil over the Coolidge home. So closely did the bolt come that the operative on duty was blinded temporarily.

Two telephone employes happened along soon after the storm subsided and repaired the damage. They said that had wires run into the Coolidge home, the bolt undoubtedly would have entered the building.

It was learned that Mr. Coolidge's first formal speech following his acceptance address is to be made Sept. 6 in Baltimore. The executive telegraphed to Mayor Jackson of Baltimore an acceptance of a recent invitation to speak at the unveiling there of a statue of Lafayette.

CHICAGO POET AND RICH HOBO ARE TO WED

Millionaire Flophouse Patron Gets License to Marry Private Secretary.

A poet and a millionaire hobo, each famous in widely different spheres, rubbed elbows as they presented themselves at the marriage license bureau in Chicago, recently.

They were Julian B. Arnold, essayist, poet and lecturer, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, Chicago, and James Eads How, millionaire hobo of St. Louis, Mo.

Arnold, 63, was married to Miss Eleanor Hartford, 58. How, 55, and Miss Ingeberg Sorenson, 29, his secretary, were wed.

The poet, who lost himself after business failures led to his arrest and exile from England, traveled extensively and finally came here where he was known until 1916 as "J. B. Lindon." Under this name he wrote and lectured. At 54 years of age he acknowledged his identity and began a new start as Julian B. Arnold.

The millionaire hobo, whose grandfather built the famous Mississippi river jetties and numerous great bridges, and whose father was president of the Wabash railroad, startled the world back in the '90's when he announced he was not entitled to the $1,000,000 he inherited because he had done nothing to earn it. He has sold newspapers, washed dishes and performed other menial tasks as he journeyed about the country, living in flophouses and cheap hotels. Once he walked into the office of St. Louis' mayor and tried to give him $100,000 to help the poor.

Commoner Hurt, but Makes Speech

William Jennings Bryan was injured recently when an automobile in which he was speeding from Tuscola to Mattoon, Ill., turned over on the highway.

Mr. Bryan was cut and bruised about the head and face but was able to give a scheduled lecture on arrival at Mattoon. News of the accident was withheld at Mr. Bryan's request for the reason that he did not want Mrs. Bryan, who is ill at her home in Florida, to know of the injury.

Mothers Watch World Flight

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MRS. JASPER SMITH, mother of Lieutenant Lowell Smith, commander of the world flight, and Mrs. Roberta Chase Harding, mother of Lieutenant John Harding, mechanic of Lieutenant Nelson's plane, are neighbors at Los Angeles. They spend much of their time each day comparing notes on their respective sons and going over the reports of their progress. Mrs. Smith is at the left and Mrs. Harding at the right.

CAPPER PLEADS COOLIDGE CAUSE

Common Sense and Thrift Stressed in Appeal for Farmer Vote.

Farmers and wage earners were appealed to in statements issued at national Republican headquarters last week by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, a leader of the farm bloc, and T. V. O'Connor of the International Longshoremen's union, chairman of the United States Shipping board.

Mr. O'Connor addressed a group of members of labor unions from various parts of the country gathered for conference in the office of National Chairman William M. Butler.

"Our farmers believe in 'Cal, the hardboiled economist'," said Senator Capper, who was in Chicago to attend the Dawes notification and to confer with Chairman Butler relative to the campaign among farmers. "They believe in the Dawes plan for bringing real peace to the world. Our farmers know, and the working men in our industrial centers know, that this truly insures their prosperity."

Senator Capper said that "common sense and rigid economy" appeal more to the people than "government ownership of railroads, attacks upon the protective tariff system, or untried policies."

"There has ben a marked improvement in the sentiment of our people during the last 60 days," Senator Capper added.

J. A. Madsen, local No. 38, International Longshoremen's association, Portland, Ore., and E. M. Foley, president of the International Dredgemen's union, Chicago, affiliated with the longshoremen, were among those in attendance. Members of other transportation and of printing trades unions also were in the group.

Scouts to Advise Families to Vote

More than half the qualified voters in the United States failed to go to the polls in the last presidential election, headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America declared last week in urging members of the organization to impress the duties of citizenship upon their families, friends and neighbors.

"As a service to our country and in keeping with our fundamental objectives, character building and citizenship training," says a letter sent to all scout executives by Chief Scout Executive James E. West, "I appeal to each and all to do what they can to make this nationwide effort for a larger participation of qualified voters in the forthcoming election an effective demonstration of our love for our country and of the values of our program for citizenship training."

King-Shy

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Scouts Forget Cheers

The American Boy Scouts were awarded the highest number of points for their participation in the international scout jamboree which ended in Copenhagen, Aug. 17, thus winning the prize cup offered by King Christian.

The Americans scored 181 points, against 172 for the British scouts, who took second place. The award is indorsed by the newspapers. The Politiken remarks that when the king reviewed the scouts "the Americans for the first time saluted with their flag which was not even lowered at the review by Sir Robert Baden-Powell."

"The king was disappointed that the American cheer leader, Macbeth, did not jump into the air and display his wonderful yelling," continues the Politiken, which adds that Macbeth himself remarked:

"We Americans after all are a wee bit shy in the presence of a real live king."

Old Sol's Measles Become Prominent

Old Sol's getting the "measles" again.

Between February and August of last year the sun had a minimum of spots, Professor George H. Peters of the United States Naval Observatory in Washington has observed. The number of spots is increasing and will increase for a number of years. The sun spot cycle occurs every 11.1 years, says Professor Peters, and has just passed the minimum, with the next minimum in prospect for 1934.

For a number of days during the middle of 1923 no spots were seen on the sun's disc. Just where the zero point for sun spots is gives rise to a difference of opinion.

Each clear day at noon, Professor Peters photographs the sun. A photoheliograph, with five inches aperture and 40 feet focal length is used. The image of the sun is taken on a plate four and a half inches in diameter. The light is thrown into the camera from the surface of an unsilvered mirror.

Judge Urges Stocks for Negligent Father

The absence of stocks as used in colonial days saved Frank Dillet and Gus Gunther, both charged with failure to provide for their children, from being placed in them by Judge Woeste of Cincinnati municipal court.

"I wish we had public stocks back again," said Judge Woeste. "If we had I would fasten you in them for public exhibition in the market square. Then I would let the children throw old tomatoes and fruit at you. Perhaps you would realize your duty."

Then turning to Gunther he said: "Any man who neglects his wife and children is not worthy of America."

Both men received 30 days in jail.

DRY PARTY HURT BY FUND LACK

Prohibition Candidate for President to Campaign Vigorously.

Plans for a nation-wide campaign on behalf of his candidacy for president on the national Prohibition ticket are hampered seriously by a lack of funds, Herman P. Faris of Clinton, Mo., has declared.

"We'll never have to worry about being investigated for having a slush fund," he chuckled, "for we haven't got one. If we had one dollar for every hundred the big parties have, we'd win this election."

Mr. Faris, a 65-year-old banker and Sunday school superintendent, believes in the cause of Prohibition and in the ultimate success of the Prohibition party.

Uses Radio in Campaign.

Radio is going to play a prominent part in this year's presidential campaign, Mr. Faris said, and he hopes to utilize its possibilities frequently in his own campaign. By way of firing the opening gun in his battle for a Prohibition victory, he radiocast an address from a large station here.

Mr. Faris is at the service of his party and is ready to speak any time, anywhere, he said. The actual plans for his campaign are in charge of Dr. B. E. P. Prugh, national chairman, at Harrisburg, Pa. Central branch headquarters of the party is in Chicago in charge of John P. Coffin of Johnstown, Fla. Western headquarters in Los Angeles is in charge of John C. Bell, vice-chairman of the national committee.

Proud of Running Mate.

Mr. Faris said he was proud of the fact that a woman, Miss Marie C. Brehm, of Long Beach, Calif., is the party's candidate for vice president. Miss Brehm, he declared, is "the peer of any candidate now in the field, even though she doesn't smoke a pipe upside down or wear a skull cap. When she presides over the senate as its president, the world will sit up and take notice."

Americanism Hit by Japan Editor

An article in the newspaper Kokumin, written by Kanzo Uchimura, one of the most outspoken leaders of the movement to separate the native Christian churches of Japan from the American missionary bodies, urges the Japanese to "Get away from the Americanization which has been infecting our national life for the last five years."

Uchimura, himself a Christian, has for several years worked as an independent missionary without American help. He has been one of the leaders of the popular protest against the American immigration act excluding Japanese.

North Carolina Sends Its Envoy to League

Philip S. Henry, bearing a signed and sealed document from the governor of North Carolina appointing him a special commissioner from North Carolina, arrived in Geneva recently. League of Nations officials were somewhat puzzled over how to receive him.

Mr. Henry had not presented his credentials, but it was said the league officials were going to welcome him as a representative American anxious to learn about the league, and particularly as the governor's impressive document concludes with the words, "I do hereby confer on him all rights, privileges and powers useful and necessary to the just and proper discharge of the duties of his appointment."

Two Sisters Starve Rather Than Beg

Miss Mary Ann Reidy, 70 and blind, who lived half a century with her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Doty, 65, in a small house in Flushing, N. Y., was in a critical condition last week at the Metropolitan hospital where she was taken after she was found starving in her bed. Mrs. Doty died of starvation and physicians said Miss Reidy is so weakened by malnutrition that she may not recover.

Recently the sisters' money gave out and they were either too proud or too weakened to appeal for help.

AMERICA WILL FEED WORLD'S BREAD EATERS

United States Only Wheat Growing Nation Yielding More Grain This Year Than Last.

America will furnish the world with bread this fall and winter. Foreign countries must buy much of their wheat from American farmers as the United States is the only grain growing country on the globe that has produced more wheat this year than last.

With the world's crop at least 12 per cent smaller than it was last year and 28,000,000 bushels more wheat in their shocks and bins than they had last season, American farmers hold the most favorable position of them all. They will have 225,000,000 or more surplus wheat to export at prices much higher than they were in 1923.

Linked to World's Needs.

It is the world condition of supply and demand which has boosted the price of wheat 25 cents a bushel during the last six weeks, say grain men, market experts and economists, who scoff at rumors that politicians are influencing the markets. Veteran grain men hoot at the rumor that financial leaders of politics are buying and urging their friends to buy wheat in large quantities to raise the price, thus making farmers "feel better" and "vote right."

Grain marketing specialists believe that a glance at the figures of production and priced in different countries and at different markets will prove the fallacy of such rumors—and the "mysterious top," "sell your grain before the presidential election in November if you want to play safe."

If It Were So Simple.

The experts' reply to that "tip" is: "Why would all the world's markets advance faster than they have in the United States if American politicians and 'sinister interests' were dictating the price of wheat?"

Price advances have been greater in Winnipeg and London than they have on the Chicago market. For example, between June 1 and August 1 wheat advanced only 25 cents a bushel in Chicago, while at Winnipeg the increase was 37 cents, and 30 cents at Liverpool. Winnipeg's advance was the largest and the Canadian decrease in wheat yield is the greatest. The Dominion farmers' crop is only 282,000,000 bushels compared with 474,000,000 last year. Western Europe, excluding Russia, has only 1,021,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, against 1,090,000,000 last, and the advance on the Liverpool market comes next to that in Winnipeg.

But Canada Contradicts "Tip."

Canada has no political campaign boiling, so the price advance there is certainly not due to political influence, grain men say. They add that the prices surely did not go up in Liverpool because of politicians' efforts, because the way to get votes in Europe is to put prices of wheat down.

It is admitted that votes which must be courted in the presidential race are in the wheat states, particularly in the northwest, where boosting wheat prices would get votes, but the price of wheat here in the United States is less than it is in Canada or abroad.

Economists are not surprised at that situation, because the wheat now pouring into the big central market in Chicago is coming from the United States, where the greatest increase in yield is found.

The bull movement on the Chicago market started immediately following the government's crop report, which appeared early in June, indicating that United States crop would be short—a total of 693,000,000 bushels was the estimate given in for both winter and spring wheat. Favorable weather brought this estimate up to 814,000,000, and this figure is expected to go even higher. Preliminary threshing returns in the spring wheat territory indicate that 35,000,500 bushels more will be added to the grand total, bringing it up to approximately 850,000,000.

Expect Still Higher Prices.

With Canada and Europe short at least 350,000,000 bushels many expect wheat to go to $1.50 a bushel and there are persons, well informed, who predict that it will go higher.

In emphasizing a few points to show the higher price level is fully supported, market specialists say it is significant that last year importing countries took 752,000,000 bushels of wheat. This year, however, according to estimates, exporting countries have at the outside not more than 725,000,000 to sell. The latter figure is based on the assumption that Argentina and Australia will harvest a crop equal to last year. Australia then had the largest crop on record for that conient.

The best reports available show that the South American grain belts, including Argentina, Chile, Uruguay and Peru will be short 40,000,000 bushels compared with last year's crop. Australia's and New Zealand's crop of wheat, which is not harvested until the latter part of the year, is expected to be from 15,000,000 to 25,000,000 bushels short of last season's harvest.

Eastern Hemisphere's Crop.

Northern Africa has only 88,268,000 bushels this year against 107,016,000 bushels last year. Southern Africa has about the same as last year, 6,000,000 bushels. India's crop is about the same—365,000,000 this year, compared with 369,000,000 in 1923. Asia, exclusive of Indian and Asiatic Russia, has 402,000,000, against 409,000,000 bushels last year. No official figures for Russia are available, but the peasants' crops are suffering from droughts and pests. The wheat crop in the main grain section of southern Russia is said to be poor, but rye in the northern part is good. The crop in Russia is worse this year than last, and the moujiks did not furnish a great deal of wheat for export in 1923.

Continued on Page Two

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

HERE TODAY and away tomorrow, as the old sideshow barker used to say. It was like that with Mars. The red planet swung around this way, to show the people what a beautiful spectacle it could make of itself at a distance of 35,000,000 miles. So great a distance is not easy to comprehend. And yet, as we think of distance as it refers to the relative positions of the heavenly bodies, 35,000,000 miles is reckoned as close.

Mars' nearest proximity to the earth came Friday at midnight. It was a week-end visit, and then the mighty ball of red began to move off, not to come that close again until the year 2007. The fact that these distances are calculated and foretold is marvelous in itself, but there is much about Mars and other planets that will have to be left to imagination.

At the Yerkes observatory at Williams Bay, Wis., Professor Edwin Frost watched the approach of the planet through a giant telescope. Under the observer's scrutiny of the past week the glowing northern cap of ice is already diminishing rapidly. It is early May on Mars.

The rest of the planet glowed a shaded red. The tint is given, Professor Frost believes, by a red soil on the planet which may be not unlike the soils of America's painted desert and the red sands of the Rocky mountain slopes.

IMAGINATION is necessary to the layman if he is to become intensely interested in the planets. Fancy will give him more ideas than will come to him through a telescope. We have all heard much talk about the inhabitants of Mars, so much, in fact, that we could have sat on the porch of our homes the past few nights and wondered what might be going on among the people of that red ball swinging in the southern heavens.

Last Friday night many people clung to their radios, in the hope that "the people of Mars" might have a message to deliver to the people of earth. There was something ridiculous in that, but it was only an example of how far fancy can go when it comes in contact with impossible barriers.

Professor Frost and his fellow observers were not so imaginative. They were intent upon the business of seeing what they could see by the powerful aid science had given them. They believe Mars to be a virtual desert, yet still with enough rainfall to sustain life. These close observations may confirm the suspicion that the life is practically all some form of fungi, as has been believed, nothing but bands of vegetation covered land,

ASTRONOMERS have done a great deal, and are trying all the time to do more, to acquaint the human race with what is going on above and beyond ordinary comprehension. We know something about the solar system. It was considerable to be able to tell when Mars would reach his nearest approach to earth. Yet science has left us little more than a feeling of awe toward these things we cannot understand.

Perhaps, after all, the heavens are simple enough, could we but comprehend them. But will it be possible for the human mind ever to discover how simple they are?

This paradoxical condition presents itself: The more we find out the better prepared are we to realize how little we know.

THOUGHTFUL persons will find something to bewilder them if they will but look into the heavens on any starry night. Looking upward, we feel pretty small. It is then, if ever, we begin to realize that we are face to face with the Infinite.

Creation cannot be an accident. If it were it would be a jumble, a wreck. But everything is running smoothly. The planets are in their places, making their scheduled trips. The astronomers can tell years in advance where each will be at a stated period.

Napoleon wanted to know who was "running things up there," who created it all, who was responsible. He asked the question of learned men who pretended to know more than it was really possible for them to know. He received no answer, and went on in his belief in a God, a Supreme Intelligence who had something to do with the successful operation of the universe.

THERE is some truth in the bit of flippant philosophy that goes with the saying, "what we don't know won't hurt us." There is some satisfaction, however, in knowing that man is the most intelligent of all created things, and must therefore be closest to their Author.

Summing up our lack of knowledge, which is great, the best thing we can have is faith. Without it life wouldn't be very interesting. And if we must imagine things it is better that we imagine that which is good, and cling to that which we know is good.

We know of some wonderful things in the world. Human intelligence has progressed and is still progressing, but we will never know it all. We are not likely to get any messages from Mars. People will get what they got the other night—static.

DAWES FLAYS LAFOLLETTE IN ENTERING RACE

Republican Vice President Nominee Hits Democrats for "Straddling in a Fight" in Speech.

Having formally accepted the Republican nomination for vice president, Charles G. Dawes entered actively into the party's national campaign last week with his departure for Maine to deliver an address in Augusta.

Formal notification of his selection as President Coolidge's running mate was given Mr. Dawes Aug. 19 at ceremonies held on the lawn of his home with an audience declared by Republican leaders to have been one of the largest that ever gathered at any political meeting in the vicinity of Chicago.

Big Audience.

The big audience, extending in an almost solid mass from the Dawes home to Lake Michigan, 300 yards away, was composed of leaders of the Republican party, of delegations from middle western cities and towns and of the neighbors of the nominee.

Speaking to this audience, and indirectly to the country's voters, Mr. Dawes assailed the LaFollette candidacy as "a mobilization of extreme radicalism," declared the real contest of the campaign to be between the "progressive conservatism" of the Republican party and the "untried and dangerous radicalism of the LaFollette movement," and defended the course of the Harding and Coolidge administrations in foreign affairs.

Although giving the credit to Presdient Coolidge and Secretary Hughes, Mr. Dawes predicted that acceptance of the reparations plan worked out under his direction meant peace and prosperity for Europe, and saving of the United States from inevitable agricultural and industrial depression.

Sees Prosperity Ahead.

"With the experts' plan inaugurated," he asserted, "France, England, Germany, Italy, Belgium and all Europe turn toward a new and peaceful life, with hope and happiness, rather than despair, in their hearts and prosperity ahead. The United States will be saved from the depths of an inevitable and great depression in industry and agriculture, which the continued chaos and misery of Europe would entail. Indeed, the whole world enters upon a period of peace and prosperity."

The nominee, after defining the position of the Republican party as one of progressive conservatism and that of the LaFollette independent candidacy as one of extreme radicalism, declared the Democratic party stood in between and "instead of recruiting itself from the two battle lines, will suffer only the fate which befalls those who try to straddle in a real fight."

Also Hits LaFollette.

Mr. Dawes spoke in response to the formal notification address delivered by A. W. Jefferis, former representative from Nebraska, and chairman of the official notification committee, who likewise attacked "the man from Wisconsin" whom he said had thrown off "all pretense of Republicanism and has run away from the home where for 40 years he has been fed and sheltered, and has finally eloped with the Socialist party."

Many of the leading figures of the Republican party were present at the ceremonies and participated in the old time parade and rally that preceded the exercises. William M. Butler, chairman of the Republican national committee, presided; Frank W. Stearns, Boston, close personal friend of President Coolidge, and Edward T. Clark, the President's personal secretary, were present, as representatives of the Executive. Governor Hyde, Missouri, 50 members of the house, a dozen senators and many national committeemen and committeewomen were in the gathering.

Fill His Pipe.

Besides those grouped in and about Dawes' home, thousands heard the addresses by radio, 16 of the larger stations having been connected to broadcast the proceedings. The ceremonies in themselves were comparatively brief. The Rev. John Thompson, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Chicago, one of Mr. Dawes' neighbors, offered an invocation; Chairman Butler introduced Mr. Jefferis, who in a short address formally apprised Mr. Dawes of his nomination, and then the nominee made his response.

Reserving until the last his discussion of the LaFollette movement, Mr. Dawes grew more emphatic and at one point he swung his arms so vehemently, that he almost knocked over one of the flags on the platform. This part of the speech was liked best by the audience, and the nominee was given a great cheer as he concluded. Women representatives of the Milwaukee Coolidge and Dawes club presented him with a bouquet.

Then as a final act General Dawes pulled out his peculiar under-slung pipe and slowly filled it up. He had talked so fast and so vigorously, that the ceremonies consumed only an hour.

"Uncle Joe" Present.

The ceremonies closed with a benediction by the Rev. Hugh Patrick Smyth, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, Evanston.

Members of the official notification committee, of the national committee, of congress and other Republican leaders were the guests of General and Mrs. Dawes at dinner. Among these were "Uncle Joe" Cannon, former speaker; General Charles G. Sawyer, former White House physician and Mrs. Sawyer. "Uncle Joe" received a royal welcome from the assemblage and expressed his pleasure at being at one more of the party's notification ceremonies.

Veterans' Fathers Form Organization

The American Legion Fathers' council, the first organization of its kind to be formed in the United States, was organized at a meeting in Columbus, O., recently. All fathers whose sons saw service in the army or navy during the World [illegible] for membership.

[illegible] plans to assist the [illegible] in all civic and [illegible]

Actress Invites Death

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

JULIA REINHARDT, 80-year-old actress and noted suffrage advocate, is ready for death. Her frail frame wracked by illness, she lies on a rough couch in a poorly furnished room in New York, tired and lonely, for no friends go to see her. She was badly injured five years ago while playing in "The Auctioneer" with David Warfield. Photo shows her receiving flowers which she did not need as much as chicken and tender food.

Hammer Strokes by Dawes

Highspots in General Dawes' speech of acceptance, delivered in front of his Evanston home:

"This administration has reduced the cost of governmental operation."

"President Coolidge courageously recommended the recognition of right principles in the tax reduction bill."

"An attempt is being made to induce those who are patriotic at heart, but discontented with existing conditions, to join with the Socialists and other diverse elements opposing the existing order of things in a mobilization of extreme radicalism."

"The league of nations, however noble may have been its intentions, was not approved by the people of the United States because it did not make clear to their minds that it did not encroach upon the sovereignty and the power and right of independent decision of the United States."

"Had it not been for this attitude of President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes toward the expert committee, Europe might not today be facing away from the chaos and hatred of war."

"In the propositions of President Coolidge in connection with the world court there are safeguarded the sovereignty of the United States and its interests."

COUZENS STAYS IN PARTY FOLD

Senator Declares He Will Support G. O. P. Ticket in November Vote.

Senator James Couzens, who, during the last session of congress frequently was aligned with the LaFollette group and whose Republicanism has been questioned by political opponents, announced last week in two speeches that he will support the Republican ticket in November, irrespective of the outcome of the Michigan September primaries at which he is a candidate for renomination.

Senator Couzens said he was "grateful" for the recent indorsement of his candidacy by Senator LaFollette, but that he was seeking office as a Republican. He added, however, that he expected to have a part in framing of those party policies and would not accept meekly as the party creed anything handed him by others.

Senator Couzens said he "probably was in error" a year ago, when he said the present prohibition laws were unenforceable, and that he was in favor of "old-fashioned" beer.

"But I shall say what I mean, regardless of the political error of the remarks," he added. "Nothing I can do can change the prohibition laws."

Germany Lifts Lid on Whipped Cream

The people of Berlin are reveling in whipped cream. During the war, and for a long time thereafter, this luxury of the table was unknown in Germany, so much so that the young generation did not know what the words meant.

But recently it was found that there was enough milk and honey to satisfy a revived demand, so all restrictions were removed at the request of the confectioners.

The demand for the frothy, white delicacy has exceeded even the fondest hopes of the most optimistic dealers. The German dairies have not been able to supply the wants of their customers, and as a consequence great quantities of cream are shipped in daily, chiefly for Berlin, from Holland and some of the Scandinavian countries.

Women Copy Men in German Voting

German women vote exactly as their men folks do, is the showing of statistical investigations of the last reichstag vote in the Nuremberg electoral district.

When 34.9 per cent of the male constituency voted for the Socialist ticket, the percentage of women casting their vote for the party was 33.8 per cent. If .5 per cent of men went with the Stresemann party, there were exactly .4 per cent of females doing the same.

HERRIOT WINS FIRST ROUND IN DAWES BATTLE

French Deputies Howl as Premier Reads His Report, but Fall Into Line at Voting Time.

Premier Herriot, last week, won the first vote in the chamber of deputies on the London agreement on the Dawes plan. The chamber, voting 320 to 209, rejected a motion that the agreement be considered a treaty outside the Versailles pact and therefore referred to a commission, parliament to ratify or reject it later.

The vote seems to assure full parliamentary indorsement of the London agreement.

There was wild disorder in the chamber at the beginning and end of Premier Herriot's declaration on the results of the London conference, but it was caused by the Communists, not the Nationalists. Finally the president of the chamber suspended the sitting.

Viewed from the press gallery the scene in the chamber when Herriot arrived was most picturesque.

Communists Boo.

Directly below a score of Communists, led by Marty and Cachin, were booing. Marty and a lieutenant held up a poster, the top line reading: "Still Another Crime." Through the remainder of the Left, extending beyond the Center, the Cartel Des Gauches were clapping like mad and shouting, "Vive La Paix! Vive Herriot!" while from the Right came boos and strange angry sounds, in which were distinguished such words as "Roches!" "Laches!" and other epithets.

Herriot walked quickly to his seat in the front row of the tier of red upholstered benches and turned to speak with the white-haired General Nollet, minister of war. A group formed around him, including Deputy Loucheur, the Industrialist; Leo Blum, the Socialist leader; Paul Boncour and Moro Giafferi, under secretary of merchant marine.

Begins to Read.

Meanwhile, Paul Painleve, president of the chamber, a little man whose black clothes hung on him like a bag, mounted the speaker's chair and called the chamber to order. Almost instantly Herriot arose and climbed the green carpeted stairs to the tribune, where, after the second outburst had subsided, in a cold, metallic, unsympathetic voice he began to read from the typewritten page before him.

Herriot has none of the eloquence of Briand. He enunciates clearly, but throws all his force into the high tone with which he ends his sentences. Frequently he wiped his mouth, and his eyeglasses got away from him. All through his delivery he was on the verge of losing them and was continually grabbing for them.

Ranged about him on the lower level were the elderly uniformed ushers of the chamber, who every now and then called "Silence, if you please, gentlemen."

The deputies paid little attention to the premier; rather certain men on the Left picked adversaries on the Right and vice versa. Whenever Herriot had to pause in his reading because of the noise, M. Painleve rang what sounded like a cow bell.

Would Shake Finger.

It being a formal declaration of the government, Herriot occasionally would bring his left arm up and shake his index finger dramatically.

When he reached that part of his report telling how France came forward with a proposition in London solving the problem, a sharp voice from the Right shouted, "At our expense!" Later, one of the few deputies who boasted a fine beard, stood up and tried to read Section 240 of the Versailles treaty. Painleve belled him back to his bench.

Again when Herriot cried dramatically that under the London pact the spirit of war would disappear entirely, the Right broke into a roar of derision, one voice above the rest shouted, "We heard the same thing here in 1914!"

It was 4:20 P. M. when Herriot concluded: "This is only the beginning, but it is the beginning of the real peace." He returned to his seat and there arose a terrific uproar of applause and boos.

The first to follow him to the tribune was Marty, who was unable to begin because of the noise of deputies leaving the chamber.

Herriot passed through the crowd at the entrance to the courtyard and over the rough cobblestones to the senate, where the former mayor of Lyons was received in frigid iciness. He was greeted by President de Salves and almost immediately went to the tribune to reread his declaration.

Silent, but following every word was Raymond Poincare. Once Poincare turned his head when a lone senator shouted, "Vive La Paix." Otherwise Poincare was marble itself.

Senators Are Old.

Age rules in the upper house and as Herriot talked there was a craning of necks and many senators cupped their ears with their hands; others wiped their spectacles the more clearly to see this young man of the South who came to them filled with promises and offering as an earnest his first performance in the land of Albion.

When talking to the senators, Herriot used a new pair of glasses with bows that clung behind his ears. He was noticeably more deferential. On the whole Herriot's performance in the two houses was a creditable showing. In neither chamber did he lack poise. His assurance had noticeably increased since his trip to London.

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AMERICA WILL FEED WORLD

Continued From Page One

China has a poorer crop than last year.

In the United States the wheat crop is spotted. A striking fact is that the wheat crop is best in Kansas and in the Dakotas, where farmers were hit hardest during the agricultural depression last year.

Means Much for Dakotas.

Kansas, for example, produced only $4,000,000 bushels of wheat last year and sold it for about 82 cents a bushel, or in round numbers $69,000,000, while this year with a 154,000,000 bushel crop at 92 cents a bushel farm price, sunflower wheat growers will get nearly $144,000,000.

South Dakota will get approximately $34,000,000 for the 1924 crop compared with $20,000,000 last year. North Dakota's crop will bring about $105,000,000, more than twice what last year's crop, which sold for less than $50,000,000.

The Pacific coast wheat states which had a great crop last year have a short crop this time. Washington farmers sold their wheat for about $55,000,000 last year, but with the reduced yield they probably will not get more than $28,000,000. A similar condition is found in Oregon, where the 1923 crop sold for more than $27,000,000, while this season's crop will bring about $15,000,000.

Comparisons by States.

The total yield of wheat in Montana and Michigan is about the same as last year. The big increase is in the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, northern Texas and Colorado. The shortest wheat crop this year is in Idaho, Washington, Oregon and California. States that fall below last year's production of wheat include New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kentucky. Minnesota and Wisconsin have good wheat crops.

Nat C. Murray, nationally known marketing expert who formerly was with the United States department of agriculture, says that the present wheat situation justifies the higher prices that are being paid.

"The Dawes reparation plan surely will increase confidence and stimulate business activities, which will help the wheat farmer," he said. "The present labor situation will have a tendency to increase the consumption of bread, which means a demand for more wheat," he declared.

Gilbert Gusler, Chicago market analyst, says that the prospective short corn crop will call for more wheat, and he believes the advance in wheat prices is justified on the basis of the world's grain crop situation.

TRAINMEN DODGE BOBCAT SNARE

Brotherhood Refuses to Indorse Any Candidate for Presidency.

In a circular mailed last week to the 180,000 members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, advice is given the members regarding political action; the statement in which President W. G. Lee says he "has taken the position that our organization should not indorse either Coolidge, Davis or LaFollette for president of the United States," will be repeated in the September issue of the brotherhood's official publication.

Under the slogan "Indorsement of Candidates," the circular says: "The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, through its convention, has declared that it would not ally itself with any political party, but believed in following the policy of rewarding labor's friends and defeating labor's enemies.

"The Toronto 1922 convention reaffirmed its belief in the continuance of this policy. A resolution covering the question of political action was presented to the convention.

Time Not Opportune.

"The adoption of this recommendation committed the organization to independent political action; it declared that the time was not opportune for the brotherhood to ally itself to any particular political organization. In keeping with this resolution the undersigned has taken the position that our organization should not indorse either Coolidge, Davis or LaFollette for president of the United States. Information furnished this office by the Washington legislative bureau shows the labor record of each of the three above mentioned candidates for president to be as nearly 100 per cent in each instance as could reasonably be expected. We are advised that legislative boards in certain states were favorable to indorsing John W. Davis, in other states President Coolidge and in other states Senator LaFollette. This shows the confusion naturally following the indorsement by state legislative boards on candidates for president.

Keep to Candidates.

"State legislative boards have been advised that in our opinion they should indorse neither the Republican, Democratic nor independent ticket or party, but instead should confine their indorsement to candidates for state offices, including candidates for the United States house and senate.

"The September issue of the official publication will carry the labor records of all candidates for president, United States senate and house of representatives, as furnished by the Washington legislative bureau.

"The record of state officials, as furnished by those authorized according to brotherhood law to compile them, will be published as soon as they are furnished the official publication. All members are urgently requested to review these records and determine for themselves how they should vote in order to support the friends of labor and defeat its political enemies."

(Signed)

"W. G. LEE, President."

Moth Prevention

All trunks, boxes and chests used to hold winter wraps and draperies should be lined with newspapers.

Nothing should be stored away unless it is absolutely clean and free from spots and soil. No amount of camphor or newspapers can keep moths out of soiled garments.

The tar bags that can be bought so reasonably now are splendid for particular clothing. There is a hanger inside to hold the garments and keep it in shape while in its safe summer home.

A Trick for Sewers

One woman who does considerable dressmaking had a groove cut in the front of her sewing machine and her yardstick fitted into the groove and glued tight. The entire top of the machine was then given a coat of varnish to make the stick inconspicuous, but not to affect the numbers. She claims it a wonderful convenience and help.

The Majestic burns about 5,700 tons of oil in crossing the Atlantic.

Is Sergeant Fifty Years

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

FIFTY years a sergeant is the record of John J. Van Duzen who was greeted on the anniversary by General Pershing at Camp Perry, Ohio. His record is thought to be the longest period of continuous service for any sergeant in the United States and perhaps in the world. He has always been with the same infantry company.

OFFER TO COMPLETE NOTRE DAME OPPOSED BY PARISIAN EDITOR

Should the towers of Notre Dame be completed? This is the question that is bothering a great many Frenchmen since an American "richissime" recently offered the necessary money to finish the famous towers of the Paris cathedral.

Many were the people who were entirely unaware of the fact that the historical monument was left unfinished. In verity, the two great towers lack their spires, which, according to primitive plans, should rise to a height of 128 meters. Now they measure but 68. Why the towers were not completed still remains a question. Paul Heuze, writing in Candide, thinks it was due to lack of money or disagreement in the plans. Others, like Camille Enlart and Maurice Denis, are convinced that the masters of the 13th century stopped their work purposely at the third platform of the towers.

Vetoes Proposal.

However in 1855, when Viollet-le-Duc finished the restoration of the cathedral, together with Lassus, adding the delicate suire of the transept, he found at the summit of the two actual towers the stones awaiting the spires that were to have been added. His plan that was to make them 128 meters high has never been carried out. Should the offer of the generous American be accepted?

"Notre Dame has remained unfinished for 600 years. To touch it now would be profanation." This is the answer given by a few sentimental lovers of the great monument on the banks of the Seine.

Bourdelle, Besnard and many other masters of art sincerely hope that no one will lay hands upon Notre Dame, declaring that it is beautiful and complete enough. The Venus de Milo would be better with arms, they say, and the Victory of Samothrace more beautiful with a head, but who would dare touch them?

Afraid of "Botch."

Others affirm that ideas of architecture and archaeology have changed so much that any work attempted upon the cathedral would result in a pure "botch." The exact plans are wanting, such as the spires should be. Nothing would be worse than a modern addition to this chef-d'oeuvre of many centuries.

"Thank the good American most kindly," says Emile Henriot in the Paris-Midi, "and beg him be so good as to remain at home and begin his charity there. Let him found a library with his spare dollars. This will be of untold value to the whole universe. But let us keep Notre Dame as she is and proclaim to the people of the New World that a chef-d'oeuvre does not need to be finished in order to be perfect."

COLORED PASTOR MOURNED BY CITY

Columbia Paid Tribute to "Uncle Jaggers" for 30 Minutes.

Columbia, S. C., last Thursday, officially and privately, mourned the passing of "Uncle Jaggers," 93, colored preacher, who for three-quarters of a century has held the love and respect of the community.

Mayor W. A. Coleman, by proclamation, set aside 30 minutes, from 3:30 until 4 P. M., the time of the funeral, for suspension of business activities throughout the city. A fund has been started for a memorial in his honor.

Born a slave, the Rev. Charles Jaggers of the African Methodist Episcopal church, began preaching "from the fence corners," as he put it, when he was 14, and for 75 years he has never wavered from his one text, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Jesus Christ," Phillipians 2:5. With contributions from white friends, he established a mission for his people and an "old folks' home," both of which he left free of debt. He devoted much of his time to carrying his gospel once more "from the fence corners" to the prisoners working in chain gangs.

At the end of each year he accepted a salary of one cent; his services, he insisted, belonged to God. Not until the death of his wife several weeks ago, did his health fail, and the best of hospital care was unable to restore his rugged voice to his calling.

MARINE P. O. JOY OF TARS

Chubby Craft Carries Mail to Great Lakes Sailors in Detroit River.

The C. F. Beilman, Jr., a squat, little craft, has won its way into the hearts of the sailors who pass up and down the Great Lakes. Less than 100 feet in length, the little steamer is held in higher esteem by the navigators than any palatial liner or sturdy freighter.

The Beilman has made good on its job of postoffice to the sailors. No matter what the weather, rain or snow, storm or calm, the little craft puffs out into the Detroit river at the approach of every passing boat, gambles dangerously with the currents and the chance of getting cut in two, and delivers the mail. The letters for the members of the crew are addressed to the Detroit marine postoffice. They are transferred from the little mail boat into a bucket, that is dropped from the side of the passing lake boat. If there is more mail than the bucket can accommodate, the Beilman attaches herself to the side of the larger craft and is jerked along with the passing steamer until the transfer can be completed.

Mail service on the river is offered 24 hours a day. Six carriers work on the mail boat in eight-hour shifts. There are three captains and three crews. At night, when darkness blots out the identity of the approaching ship, the mail men assert they are able to identify her by the whistle.

The Beilman, according to Detroit postal authorities, is the only floating postoffice in the world. About 150 ships are served daily and something like 2,000,000 pieces of mail are delivered to them annually.

HISTORIC RELIC GIFT OF FRANCE

Marble Tablet Reposed for Years Exposed to Sun and Rain.

The marble bust of George Washington presented to the United States by France and thought to have been destroyed in the fire which razed the congressional library in December, 1851, has been found after more than 70 years.

Mitchell Kennerly, art collector, announced he had found the historic relic in an obscure marble cutter's establishment in Manhattan and disposed of it to Henry E. Huntington, New York.

Daniel Chester French, Paul Bartlett and Jo Davidson, American sculptors, after minute examination of the bust, have pronounced the work that of Pierre Jean David, commonly called David D'Angers, famous French sculptor, from whom the French government originally purchased it for presentation to this government.

The bust of marble and about 30 inches in height was presented to the United States early in the last century and reposed in the congressional library until the fire of 1851.

It was thought to have been destroyed with other treasures of art, including the D'Angers bust of Lafayette, the artist's friend. Various catalogs listed the bust as destroyed and half a century later, in 1905, a bronze cast from the plaster which had served as a model for the marble portrait, was presented to the United States by a group of Frenchmen.

Kennerly said he had learned of the existence of the bust from a stone yard proprietor who said that 10 years ago a serving man in a neighboring residence sold him for a trifling sum a block of marble which he said his master had given him. For years it had stood without the yard, neglected, all trace of its original appearance hidden by fire black and the accumulation of a half century's grime.

The dealer, noting that the seaming block had the form of a human bust, cleaned off the stone and the original D'Angers Washington was revealed.

A Baby in Your Home

So many married couples yearn for children that thousands of copies of a new book by Dr. H. Will Elders are being distributed without cost to childless women. Any lady interested in overcoming conditions of nature that hinder the gift of children should write for this free book today. It describes a simple, home treatment based on the use of Sterilfone, a wonderful scientific tonic that has had marvelous success all over the country in relieving constitutional weakness.

Every woman who wants to live a normal, happy home life with little ones around her should consider it her first duty to know what Sterilfone is and why it should be so wonderful an aid to her. Read this little book which is sent without charge or obligation in a plain envelope. It will tell facts that most women never have had explained to them. Simply send name today to Dr. H. Will Elders, 1004 Ballinger Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo. (Copyright.) H. W. E. 1924.

—Advertisement.

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SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

DEMOCRATS in the Mississippi primary last week returned to the senate their senior senator, Pat Harrison. Democratic endorsement in the state is equivalent to election. Senator Harrison carried every county, including the home of his opponent, former Governor Earl Brewer.

With riot guns belching blank ammunition in all directions, while brilliant calcium lights illuminated the scene, six "bandits" were routed in Tilly Foster, N. Y. during their attempt to stage a mock holdup of a New York Central train containing one of the postoffice department's newly equipped bandit-proof mail cars.

Brazilian federal troops stationed on the banks of the River Parana sank a steamship containing rebel forces proceeding from the port of Tibirica. The boat went down after heavy firing and many of the rebels were drowned.

An earthquake near Osh, in Russian Turkestan, has caused the death of 41 persons in three villages and made 8,000 people homeless.

President Coolidge will be asked to lay the cornerstone of the first unit of the Indiana war memorial in Indianapolis on Defense Day, Sept. 12, members of the Indiana memorial war board of trustees decided recently. The memorial, a $10,000,000 structure, will house the national headquarters of the American Legion.

Crown Prince Humbert of Italy, who has been visiting Argentina, departed last week for Chile.

Kansas sweltered under high temperature last week, in one town the unofficial reading being 106 per cent. The weather is needed to mature the corn crop before frost.

A court martial has returned a verdict of guilty in the cases of 204 Philippine scouts charged with joining a mutiny and sentenced them to five years' imprisonment with hard labor and the forfeiture of all pay and allowances. Five of the scouts were acquitted.

Energetic action is being taken by Mexican civil and military authorities to apprehend the kidnapers of R. G. Barine, an American, who disappeared August 15, the state department advised by the consul at [illegible] Mexico.

LUCY PAGE GASTON, nationally known reformer and foe of cigarets, died in a sanitarium in Chicago on Aug. 20. Her health failed several months ago after she was injured in a street car accident and a malignant growth in her throat developed.

After investigating circumstances surrounding the bus accident at Oak Harbor, Ohio on July 23, which resulted in the death of 10 persons, the state utilities commission placed responsibility on the driver of the bus which was struck by a New York Central train.

Judge R. R. Kinkade of Toledo instead of Judge Frank Geiger of Springfield will have his name on the Republican ticket as a candidate for justice of the supreme court as the result of an error in the tabulation of Summit county primary returns which involved about 6,000 votes.

With varying degrees of alarm and anticipation, prohibition enforcement officials and the citizens of Detroit are looking forward to the referendum on the wet and dry question slated for October in the province of Ontario, Canada.

Two brothers, one 11 years old and the other 19, have confessed, according to Chicago police, that they wrote a letter to Jacob Franks, father of the murdered Robert Franks, demanding $8,000 and thdeatening the death of Mr. Franks' wife and daughter if the money was not paid.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has purchased a second home at Ormond, Fla. It is located near an estate bought last month of his son.

The Prince of Wales sailed last week on the Berengaria from Southhampton to make his second visit to the United States.

Lieutenants Lowell Smith and Erik Nelson, American round-the-world fliers, reached Fredericksdal, Greenland on Aug. 22, having completed the longest and most perilous leg of their world trip.

That the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana owns a half interest in the Sinclair Crude Oil Co. and in the Sinclair Pipe Line Co. was the testimony last week of two officials of the Standard at the inquiry being conducted into gasoline prices and [illegible] offices in Missouri.

WELL rested after a week of virtual seclusion in his father's home in Plymouth, Vt., during which time he saw only a few intimate friends, President Coolindge received newspapermen and gave his attention publicly to affairs of office.

Hyrum Dempsey, 67, father of Jack Dempsey, and Lottie Dexter Blassingame, 26, of Samon, Idaho, were married in Utah by a justice of peace on August 1.

The French senate has adopted a bill providing for regional price fixing of wheat. The bill is part of the government's campaign to reduce the price of bread.

Fatal mine accidents in Ohio during the month of July numbered nine as compared with two during June, according to the report made by the chief mine inspector.

Seven bandits waving revolvers held up the Inland Trust and Savings bank in Chicago last week and escaped with $5,000.

Mrs. Florence Kling Harding, widow of President Harding, and Mrs. John Grier Hibben, wife of the president of Princeton University, have guaranteed $20,000 to build and equip a power boat for church work in southeastern Alaska, it has been announced by the superintendent of Presbyterian missions in Alaska.

In the autumn a commission representing Attorney General Stone, Secretary of the Interior Work and Secretary of Labor Davis will visit a number of prospective sites in the South selected for the new federal women's prison, looking to a definite location of the institution by cabinet members before the next session of congress.

One person was killed and crops were damaged in a severe wind and rain storm which struck the central portion of Indiana last week. A lightning bolt killed a Darlington girl.

After binding two men with picture wire and gagging them, two robbers escaped with diamonds valued at $100,000 from the ninth floor of a New York building last week during the noon hour.

Ambassador Houghton is returning from Berlin to the United States to complete his 60-day vacation which was interrupted by the conference in London.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

BLUE SKY BUSTS— Cash Down Rat Holes.

...winter and summer. ...hungry in wet or dry ...or cold they take the ...or old they like to be

...when folks will learn ...bubbles that bust. ...hard for dollars. Save ...edless comforts of life ...smart set take their ...safe keeping.

...we read a daily paper ...a story of some blue ...exposed. There are ...victims. Some of ...that they do not read ...They say they can- ...pay what a newspaper

...to jail as a rule for ...under false pretense, ...made that the crooks ...to sell worthless ...ds and not be called ...stealing.

...to be an epidemic of ...dity in the country ...or so. Tens of thou- ...ns. Just plain suck- ...no other word that ...sucker."

...is a case in court, ...delay. The case is ...after time. Many ...A lot of ways are ...ently escape on lit- ...expenses.

...banker will be your ...the long run. He ...Beware of the ...who does not want you ...banker about this ...he is trying to sell

...bunch sit around ...dinner plates and laugh ...dinner being an easy ...investment talk and stories ...bank will bring the dear ...with cash across and ...paper. After the deal ...the victim is fleeced, ...their business over to ...themselves, leave ...the victim stays and a ...over spilled milk.

...written stories ...this sky graft, but we see ...going on that we ...the attention to the ...as we can. Keep your ...money.

RHODE ISLAND ROADS— Value Received for Money.

The Engineering News-Record ...report of the wonderful roads in ...Rhode Island. The chief engineer ...of that state tells the story.

...These roads are macadam with a ...specially treated top that is dust- ...proof and waterproof. Mr. Patter- ...son is not acting as sales agent for ...any kind of road material. His state ...is thankful that he is honest.

...The Engineering News-Record is ...the best authority magazine on the ...subject of road building or other en- ...gineering enterprises. Here is what ...it says about Rhode Island roads:

...Rhode Island roads of bitumin- ...ous macadam are carrying a traffic ...so heavy, at an upkeep cost so low, ...as to challenge the admiration of ...highway engineers."

...Road costs have been climbing. ...The U. S. Bureau of Roads at Wash- ...ington, D. C., has done everything ...possible to help material men sell ...the cheapest road material instead of ...the most costly, thereby benefiting the taxpayers.

...Mr. Patterson shows that road ...construction in 1913 was $7,660. ...In 1923 the average cost has ...risen to $23,730 per mile. Of ...course road traffic has increased in ...weight and speed since 1913.

...But Rhode Island is lucky to keep ...the average cost per mile down to ...$23,730 per mile. In Ohio, the road- ...hog stung the taxpayer for ...$110,000 per mile. Other ...have been preyed upon by ...political vultures and parasites ...which flock because common folks ...must stay at home on election day ...with their eyes shut.

...Patterson builds his roads to wear ...not to wear out within a year. ...Road hogs seldom care how soon ...they go to pieces if they can make ...a few selling more material to re- ...place them.

...The road material trusts will con- ...tribute campaign funds so that ...they may have a voice in selecting ...or elect the head of the high- ...way department in the state or in ...the county. This is the richest har- ...vest in politics today. The road ...hog grabs it all.

...The prize nest of this road hog ...breed is in Washington. It writes ...and sends out clever stories for ...home newspapers to publish ...for the purpose of misleading the ...home folks and in the end make ...the taxpayers pay.

IN WOLVERINE STATE— Hay and Grain Men Meet.

Michigan has Henry Ford and roads aplenty." So said a wise man at the state convention of hay and grain dealers recently held in Ad- rian, Mich., at which Rural Welfare editor was present.

Hay and grain men, in many states are finding out that sick and sour soil need a cure. They grind their own axe when they help the farmer to grow better crops of hay and grain.

Hay dealers say that poor quality hay keeps the price below what the price should be. The big hay mark- ets want the best quality that can be grown. They urge the use of soil sugar on sour and acid soils.

These Michigan hay and grain dealers have decided that they can well afford to get in touch with their experiment station and agri- cultural colleges and county agents and help to broadcast the message of the need of using agricultural limestone on hay and meadow lands.

These Michigan men will con- sider keeping agstone in storage bins so that the farmer can get it any day of the year. They will also urge that each neighborhood pur- chase one or more agstone spread- ers. This machine does not cost a high price and will serve several farmers.

One speaker asked: "Why should farmers take a risk on losing a crop of clover when agstone will insure a stand and a crop? The farmer takes out insurance on his life, his build- ings, his live stock and why not make sure of better crops by hav- ing a sweet soil in which to sow his seed?"

Michigan, around Adrian, has a wonderful oats crop. Fields are hardly big enough to hold the shocks. We were told that the oats weigh well and the price is going up. The Michigan oat is mighty happy this year.

Good farms. Good citizens. Good roads. Sugar beet crop gives a lot of cash to the farmer. Good build- ings and enough politics to keep the blood red and the conversation go- ing.

This hay and grain bunch was a cheerful crowd. The men were glad that hay and grain prices were go- ing up. The farmer needs a boost in his income.

We asked these men if they thought the big grain merger at Chi- cago would prove a good thing for the farmer. Not a hand was raised. We asked how many were doubtful as to the wisdom of this $26,000,000 pooling corporation. Nearly all hands were raised.

This crowd also went on record in favor of boosting the horse-grow- ing industry. Many keen men in business believe that the day will come when the horse will again be the big powerhouse on the farm and the surest way to travel over the public road. Gasoline may not al- ways last. These men ask the ques- tion, "How will this nation feed it- self without the horse if the gas- tank runs dry?"

These hay and grain men are very much interested in what the farmer needs. One speaker at the meeting, Mr. Coward, was asked to tell the story of the federal land bank and how farmers could organize to get farm loans at low cost. Mr. Coward said that every county in Michigan had a farm loan association that was serving the farmer and saving them from the loan shark who al- ways wanted to take advantage of hard times to skin meal ticket grow- ers.

RECORD OF ONE BOY— The Way of the World.

We talked to a banker who was worried about the way boys were acting and disgracing their parents.

He told us about a boy, 16 years old, who had stolen his automobile on Friday. The kid jumped out of the automobile when police got after him. He escaped. The machine was returned.

The next Monday the same boy tried to steal the same machine a second time. The banker caught him in the act of trying to pick the automobile lock. The police officer took him to jail. There the boy broke down and cried and then con- fessed that he had taken 45 auto- mobiles in 60 days.

The kid had either turned the stolen automobile over to regular thieves or he would joyride until the gasoline was out and then let it set where it stopped. He had several foolish girls who were crazy for a ride no matter how they got it.

The boy boasted that he and other boys were in a contest to see who could take the most machines in six months. They had to keep the li- cense number, the day, the date and place they stole the machine.

Not one of the boys was over 18 years old and some of them only 15. They did not go to church or Sun- day school. Their parents were crazy about taking joyrides and did not give the attention they should to their sons. It is only a question of time until the state prison will be the home of these boys, then their parents will have regrets. It is cheaper to pay church dues than to pay lawyers to keep boys out of jail.

FARMERS MUST BEHAVE— Are Willing to Work.

President Harding's newspaper, the Marion Star, says: "There are two reasons why the farmer will never become a Red or an anarch- ist. First, he is not afraid of work. Second, he has something to lose."

There is a big sermon in these few words. The troublemakers are usually too lazy to work and they want those who do work and save to divide up with the loafers.

Yes, the farmer will work. He never strikes. He sticks. He always has a job. The idle brain and hand breeds idle thoughts and mischief.

THREE-MULE FARM— Down in Dixie Land.

We met a peanut farmer. Down in Dixie was his home. He was a mighty clever fellow. They are built that way down there.

One hundred and twenty-five acres of peanuts look like a big crop. When we were a boy five cents worth was a lot to get on the out- side of and we would promise to be good a long time for a sack full.

Looking at peanuts in one way they are small potatoes with an overcoat on. They grow in soft and sandy soil. You pull them up by the hair or tops. The green ones or the bad ones often stay in the ground.

Hogs will work for their board and fatten on the nuts that stay in the ground after the others have been lifted.

This southern gentleman told about the way they measure a farm- er and farm down South. If he has a small farm he is looked upon as a "two-mule" farmer. If he has enough acres he is a "three-mule" farmer, and so on up the line. He is big or little according to the num- ber of mules or horses he owns.

Our friend, to whom we talked, grows peanuts that are the right size for the penny-in-the-slot ma- chines. Some peanuts are elephant size.

Uncle Sam has a well balanced country and farm. He hands out a balanced ration of work and crop so that all ought to be satisfied. Most of us are. What American would trade America for the rest of the world?

TEACHING JUDGES— To Pick Winners.

Several states will hold judging schools to train men to judge live stock at state and county fairs. The idea is a good one. Why should a paid judge just guess in the show ring? Why not have a judge who can explain why he hands a blue ribbon to a certain animal?

Fairs are intended to be educa- tional. The competent judge can maks the fair worth while and im- prove the breeds.

Most of these judging schools will be held at agricultural colleges, under supervision of the extension department, or at the state experi- ment stations. As a rule the state is leading this educational work.

Who is competent to instruct the judges? Who knows more about the points of excellence and the de- fects of animals than the man who wants to be show ring judge?

Our state colleges are calling in the practical breeders who have made a success in growing a partic- ular breed and who knows blood lines and knows something about the laws of heredity and reproduc- tion.

County fair officials would do well to employ only those judges who have attended these schools and fitted themselves for the work.

MODERN MUSIC TUNES— The Family Quartet.

We live in a wonder age. We can have a new kind of music and a real quartet even on the farm.

We saw a picture of a home where the telephone was ringing. The radio was singing. The cat was calling. The kid was bawling. The discord was perfect. All four on the program at once.

No doubt the rooster was crow- ing, the hen cackling, the dog bark- ing, the pigs squealing and the hus- band kicking about the big noise.

There ought to be more fun in living today than ever before. We have a variety every day in the year. We know what the old pioneers had to enjoy themselves with, but they did not know what joys we would have.

NORTH DAKOTA DISCONTENT— Non-Partisan League Wins.

Farmers of the northwest are mad. They have been lifelong loyal Republicans. Not so these days. They have cast party aside and are voting, as they think, in self-de- fense.

The nonpartisan league is the big party now. It has just defeated the regular Republican candidate for the nomination of governor and named a nonpartisan leader in the recent primary.

Several of the states west of the Mississippi river are defeating the old crowd, which they say have done nothing at Washington for the farmer. Instead they have raised freight rates and the tariff which has well nigh ruined them.

Democratic party in this section gets no comfort out of the high tide of discontent. In some states the donkey party is in a hopeless minor- ity and has little or no chance to win. The league is the big noise.

The electoral votes in this unrest section will likely go to Bob LaFol- lette, the independent candidate for president. Bob will not do all his friends expect, even if he was in the White House. But his western friends say he cannot make things worse than they now are.

DOG AND PIPE— Man and Woman Scrap.

Many men like their pipe. They get a lot of solid comfort out of it. They do not worry about the cost of tobacco.

Many women like a dog. They get all wrapped up in the brute no matter what the breed. They give as much or more attention to a poodle as many mothers give to children.

Here is a story we pick up from passing news. It shows that a lady usually keeps even with a man. Here it is:

A lady boarded a train and took a seat in the smoker with her little poodle dog, which she held in her lap. Opposite sat a man smoking a pipe. "I wish you'd stop smoking," she said. "Pardon me, madam," said he, "but this is the smoking car." "Well! I don't care whether it is or not," remarked the lady, and she seized his pipe and threw it out of the window. Seeing he had no chance to recover his pipe the man took her little dog and threw it after the pipe. The lady called an officer at the next station and was about to have the man placed under arrest when with a yip the dog ran up on the station platform and laid the pipe at their feet.

MUST HELP THEMSELVES— Farmers Must Learn Lesson.

We are almost childish. When anything goes wrong we want to rush to Washington or state capital and get a law passed. Every law means more tax, more expense and more jobs.

A million farms have no cows in the field or on the farm. A million and a half farms have no chickens. Over a million have no hogs to board. A lot of them have no gar- dens, but buy canned goods for meals.

Congress cannot pass a law to have milk and butter on the farm- er's table when he will not keep and feed cows and milk them. Congress cannot put pork on the table for meals if farmers refuse to raise hogs. He can't have eggs for break- fast if he refuses to let hens cackle and the roosters crow on his farm.

Too many farmers get into a rut. They want to grow grain only or to confine themselves to one or two lines of farming. Then they have to buy a lot of things they ought to grow.

Mr. Farmer can do more for him- self than anybody or congress can do for him. He must learn his les- son. He must put his head in the game. He must be a business man. Think it over.

AN OLD SCHOOL HOUSE— It Is Still Sociable.

Do you have an old or lonely school house in your community? What is it being used for? Is it a barn or cornerib or chicken roost?

We attended a home coming on a Sunday. A church had a program in charge. An old school house was the place. It is now used for Sun- day school and church services and a community house.

School board charges a rental of $3 a year for this building. Five family reunions and home comings were held there in five weeks. Big crowds.

The township schools have been centralized. The old one-room buildings are no longer used for class rooms. That day has gone. But this building is doing a lot of good in that community.

No doubt our readers can locate some of these one-time school build- ings. Perhaps some of them might be made as useful as this one.

COUNTY AGENT REPORT— From Lancaster County, Pa.

Lancaster county, Pa., has long had the honor of being considered the best agricultural county in the United States. It has the best of farmers. Here is a report made by its county agent:

"Grass will average about 70 per cent of normal. Alfalfa is very good where there was a stand but over half of the crops were badly heaved. Corn late but stands are good. With good weather we should expect a good crop to ripen. Wheat will be unusually good. In rich ground the late rains and storms have done con- siderable damage. Apples are set only fair except the very early blooming varieties. Cherries will be a fair crop. The tobacco crop is be- ing set a little later than usual, but is getting away to one of the best starts that I have ever seen in this county. Unless there is a serious in- fection of wild fire there should be a good crop. Truck and small bush fruits have done unusually well. As a whole I feel, with the exception of apples, grass, and possibly corn, the conditions are above the average. Labor is rather scarce and farmers are obliged to pay more than they can really afford. With the system of double-teaming, which is prac- ticed here, they are able to get along."—F. S. Bucher, June 30.

TILE MILL SHUTS DOWN— Should Run Day and Night.

We read a story which tells of a tile mill closing down. The owners have a big supply of tile on hand. Sales are not as they should be.

Many men out of employment. Farmers have not had money to buy tile. They need tile on the farm. Tile would soon pay for themselves.

Farmers could well afford to bor- row money from the bank and pay 8 per cent interest and buy tile for lands that need drainage.

We ride over the country. On land that has natural drainage and needs no under drainage, the corn crop promises a good yield. On lands that need drainage and does not have it, the corn growing there will not pay the farmer a dollar a day for his wages.

Drain tile is salvation for tens of thousands of acres of farm land. The tile ditch will pay more profit than the banker will charge for in- terest on money to buy tile and pay for burying them in the ground.

Be a friend of tile.

CITIES GROW— While Farming Is Slow.

We have before us the latest re- port of the census bureau at Wash- ington. It shows how rapidly the cities grow. The mass of folks crowd together. The organized big wages lure them from the farms.

This and that city boasts of its size. We do not share its joy. We know that many of the folks herded there should be in the country for the good of themselves and for the good of their children.

Population may be weakness or it may be strength in proportion to the degree of contentment that exists among the masses. Just now when business has slowed down and the idle army is increasing daily, a lot of these town and city folks may wish they were back on the old farm.

For the happiness and strength of this nation we prefer to see the cities shrink and the rural popula- tion grow.

WHICH IS THE SAFER— Tightwad or Spender.

A mother talked to us about her daughters. Young men were com- ing to see them. One of them was not anxious to spend his money for all the frills for which young folks have a fad.

Another young man wanted to show off and spend a lot of money in the hope that he would make an impression on the young lady. As a rule the spender is sort of a hero —for a while.

What is the final windup of the silly spender and the sensible fel- low who has to win his own money by work or appreciates the fact that his parents must deny themselves to push him forward?

A girl that has no more sense than to let a young man spend a lot of cash just to show off will be a dead load to any man who gets her. She ought to have more sense than to have any fancy for a spendthrift. If she does she will have regrets later and will likely have to work for a living.

The spender and smart aleck sel- dom gets home from third in the game of real life. It takes a certain amount of hardship and self-denial to make a fellow amount to any- thing.

The mother who has daughters had better give a word of warning to them about the show-off spend- er. He may give the girl a gay time before marriage and not after. The sensible young man who works and earns his own money may take mighty good care of a wife after marriage and never think of di- vorce or letting his father and mother-in-law take care of his wife.

IS MURDER RIGHT— Queer Question to Ask.

"Thou shalt not kill!" This was the law that Moses wrote for all hu- man kind to obey. Yet, we have reason to ask the strange question, "is murder always wrong?"

A wife loved her husband as well as she loved life itself. Her husband was stricken with cancer of the stomach. They lived in France. Several operations were performed. No relief came to him.

For two years this devoted wife watched over the one man she loved. He suffered intense agony. Day and night pain tortured him. He begged both wife and nurse to kill him.

One day, when all hope was gone for his recovery, the wife shot him dead. Did she do right or wrong? The jury said she did right.

COST OF MOTOR AGE— The Way of the World.

History tells of the Ice Age and the Stone Age. Some day the tale of the Motor Age will be told.

Today the motor moves the auto- mobile, the truck, the tractor, the pump, the machine and tools that man has made.

What price we pay? The cost is more than gasoline and machine. We build wider, thicker and more costly roads, which is part of the cost of the motor age and joyride.

The motor age means the cost of 40 funerals per day. Yet we neither halt nor hesitate in our mad rush for frills and thrills.

The motor age takes more grain and meat to pay the price of tax re- ceipt. It takes more time away from chores and tinkering on the farm. It takes more sinners away from church. It makes Christians cold.

The motor age has made a differ- ence in politics. The highway de- partment is a prize.

The motor age has silenced the one-room school house where once was heard the voice of youth and maid at play or in class lesson. Gone are the days of Old Black Joe.

Gone are the days when the horse was the powerhouse on the farm and the fast train on the mud road.

Gone are the days of bells, sleighs and sleds and spelling schools and country hoe-down dances. The mo- tor age has mussed things up a lot. Macadam pavement means more miles for the money.

A "HARD" WOMAN; A GENTLE MAN

The International Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 31 Is, "Jesus Talks With a Samaritan Woman" —John 4:4—42.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

IN the old story, which millions will study this week, we find this mod- ern type of the sophisticated, "hard" woman, who had "lived her own life," flouting the conventions; and who cynically believed that she "knew men," and that she was up- to-date and could not be fooled.

Our notions of the excessive mod- ernity of the "emancipated woman" are rather shocked to find that the Samaritan woman at Jacob's Well, famous in art, in sermon, in song and in story, ran wholly true to the "new" form that is perplexing good people so greatly today. Perhaps there may be a hint of how to deal with our present problem-woman in this lesson.

At the outset, and on the surface of the incident, we see "the world's most perfect Gentleman," dealing gently, tactfully and helpfully with one whom his boorish friends, and most of us who call ourselves fol- lowers, would scorn and shun in self-righteous rebuke. As his con- duct toward his social inferiors is the touchstone of a gentleman, so his attitude toward sinners is the test of a real saint.

A Famous Spot; a Famous Story.

This great tale is laid in a scene of such absorbing interest that this commentator's temptation is to dwell over-long upon it, as a famil- iar spot. Three times I have visited Jacob's well, which for about 4,000 years has ministered to human thirst, even as it assuaged mine on a hot midsummer day last year. One of the undisputed sites of the Holy Land is this well dug by the Patri- arch Jacob, as long a time before the birth of Christ as our day is after it.

Thoughts of Jacob and the long line of reverent descendants who drank from this well along the main highway running north and south through the Land of Promise; and of the Christian pilgrims; and of the Crusaders who built a church over it, are crowded out of the mind of the visitor to the well, now sur- rounded by a chapel of the Greek church by memories of the Master, who, wearied, once rested on this very well curb.

Grooved and worn by the leather thongs and ropes of centuries and millenniums, the stone at the mouth of the well takes its place among the sacro-sanct antiquities. Once it was the seat of the tired Traveler who forgot his own fatigue in min- istry to a sin-calloused spirit. This well-curb was the pulpit from which Jesus preached his own Mes- siahship in terms so clear and un- veiled that even the worldly woman understood his identity. Here he set forth the revolutionizing doctrine that "God is a Spirit." In this ap- propriate setting Christ offered to a thirsty race the Water of Life.

Is it any wonder that those of us who, leisurely and repeatedly, have visited this shrine hold it in dear and frequent memory? I even prize the sealed bottle of water from the well, such as pilgrims purchase, which one of the monks gave me last summer.

A Man and a Woman.

All of us who at times find the road of life long, and its burden heavy, cherish the picture of the weary Master resting at noon on the well curb. We understand thus that he understands us. His followers had gone off to town to buy food; and he sought relaxation and re- freshment and opportunity for quiet meditation at this stimulating spot of sacred memories. No doubt the Lord found it a relief at times to be free from his friends.

As he sat, there came the Samari- tan woman from Sychar to draw water. She must have been a slack housekeeper not to have looked to her water supply in the cool of the morning, or of the evening before. Jesus, athirst—how often he must have known thirst, as even at the bitter end on the cross!—asked the woman for a drink. She, flippant and flirtatious, instead of quietly complying, seized the occasion for light conversation. How little a bad woman understands a good man; or a bad man a good woman!

Rather sternly Jesus recalled the woman from her careless quibbling about theological points; for not all who are quick to take up the cudgels of religious controversy are spiritual in character, as is shown by the readiness of this loose woman to dis- cuss the relative claims of Jews and Samaritans. The dignified reply of Jesus only partly brought the woman to her senses; for this time she toyed with the subject of the practical dif- ficulties of drawing water.

'Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." One of the countless incidental corrobora- tions of Scripture is the fact that this well is 100 feet down from curb to the surface of the water; and the latter is some 30 feet deep.

Poor Congregation; Great Sermon.

Staggering is the condescension of Christ. He who withheld not his best message from the proud Phari- see, Nicodemus, unfolded to a lone woman, and she not fit to associate with decent people, the unsearchable truth of the transitoriness of earth's satisfactions—"Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again"—and of the sufficiency of the spir- itual gifts of God—"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

To this congregation of one, and she an uncomprehending woman, Jesus unfolded, with divine lavish- ness, the Magna Charta of human worship, the word for our own day: "God is a Spirit, and they that wor- ship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." That stupendous de- liverance must be received in the light of all ancient ritualism, and of the narrowness of sectarian contro- versy.

Added to this was the amazing declaration to the woman that the Man who had sought drink of her was none other than the oft-pre- dicted, long-expected Messiah. What a sermon for such a congregation? Who will dare withhold his best from even the least, in the light of this?

Talk on Two Levels.

This famous interview resembled much of life, in that it was an effort to pierce the veil of a great misap- prehension. Misunderstandings are as common as speech. The talk was on two levels. Jesus spoke in spir- itual terms, the woman answered him in material terms. When he of- fered the water of life and spiritual satisfaction she thought only of la- bor-saving and physical comfort. All the way through, she failed to grasp the greatness of what she had heard. In the end her message to her neighbors was on the low plane of, "Come see a man who told me all things that ever I did."

May we not pause to contemplate the meagerness of many lives, like that of the Samaritan woman? Jesus had no scorn for her, but only compassion. Observe the tactful way in which he let her know that her past, with its many paramours, was an open book to him. She was but one of the many who fail to under- stand; whose spiritual perceptions have been dulled by sin. That is pos- sibly the worst consequence of sin; it destroys the fine edge of the soul's sensibilities. It is more than a coin- cidence that dissipated people are "loud" and coarse and hard.

All of us have shared or heard conversations like this one, wherein a rarer spirit is talking above our level. President Penniman once de- scribed the famous correspondence between Carlyle and Emerson as marked by the continual effort of the Sage of Chelsea to call down from the heights of the soaring Con- cord philosopher. Only recently a member of this year's Princeton graduating class said to me, "As I see it, the best thing that a college gives one is contact with a few great men who teach him to appreciate the best." We shall miss one of the finer meanings of this lesson if we do not catch the significance of the misunderstanding of the message of the Master by the highly-favored Samaritan woman.

Water From Deep Wells.

Naturally there are many phases of this familiar story, not to be re- counted here. First there is the geo- graphical, which points to the main road that still runs north and south through Palestine at this spot. "He must needs pass through Samaria." Second, is the historical and the theological, which open a wide win- dow by the simple phrase, "The Jews have no dealings with the Sa- maritans." Then there is the eco- nomic and social: "For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy food."

By lying on the surface of the in- cident, as well as dwelling at its heart, is the truth for the times, that the parched and thirsty world can obtain lasting satisfaction only from the old, deep well of the Water of Life. Our day has tried everything else: is the church equal to the task of inciting it to try now the water which quenches all thirst?

MRS. COOLIDGE ANSWERS NOTES

Letter to Mrs. Ingersoll Responds to Sympathy When Son Died.

A letter which Mrs. Calvin Cool- idge wrote to Mrs. Oliver Roland Ingersoll of Brooklyn, in response to a message of sympathy at the time of the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., was made public last week by Mrs. Ingersoll.

In giving the letter to the Associ- ated Press, Mrs. Ingersoll said she was fulfilling Mrs. Coolidge's desire to send a personal message of ap- preciation to each of the thousands of persons who sent their con- dolences to the White House, a task made physically impossible by the number of letters.

Mrs. Coolidge expressed regret that she could not answer every letter, adding: "The little cards seem so cold in response to such warm expressions of sympathy." Her letter to Mrs. Ingersoll, written Aug. 11, follows:

"Thank you for your very kind letter of sympathy. It is one of the comparatively few letters laid aside from the many thousands for me to read, and somehow, I wanted to thank you myself. It is a great re- gret to me that I cannot answer every letter, the little cards seem so cold in response to such warm ex- pressions of sympathy. But that is a physical impossibility—I cannot even read them all—so I satisfy—or try to —myself with writing a very sincere appreciation to a few, hoping in some miraculous way that it will spread and make itself felt wherever a kindly thought has been sent out to me.

"Do hymns ever sing themselves over and over to you? This is the one that has come to me most often since Calvin went home. Rather, it is a part of the last verse of a hymn:

"'I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift,
Beyond His love and care.'

"Sincerely yours,
"GRACE COOLIDGE."

Plane Stalling 'Cure' Found by Inventor

"Stalling," one of the greatest dangers in flying known to pilots, has been made impossible by a new invention now in use on many Brit- ish airplanes.

The "stalling" effect is caused by the nose of an airplane tilting down- wards, due to the loss of speed, with the possibility of the machine de- veloping into a spin, and usually occurs when the airplane is about to take off or land.

By a variable trailing edge to the main planes the machine is able to keep its lift at a bigger angle of attack in the air, and when it does lose flying speed the machine merely sinks gently and slowly under per- fect control until forward speed is regained.

America Grows Tree to Treat Leprosy

Uncle Sam has enlisted in the fight against leprosy from a new angle. At the department of agri- culture's station at Bell, Md., the government is engaged in propagat- ing chaulmoogra plants, from which oil will be obtained to treat lepers.

Those afflicted are looking to chaulmoogra oil as their salvation, and the results achieved thus far with it lead sanguine medical men to foresee the day when leprosy will be added to the list of maladies which man can control.

EMPIRE POLICY SEEN AS HARMING BRITISH INDUSTRIES AT HOME

Great Britain is in danger of starving her own industries by pur- suing a policy of foreign investment, according to J. Maynard Keynes, the famous English economist.

Great Britain, declared Keynes, should take the same line as the United States, which exports capital only with reluctance, and, when it does so, demands both excellent se- curity and a considerably higher in- terest than at home.

Blames Empire Building.

Britain's passion for Empire building is probably responsible, ac- cording to Keynes, who points out that Great Britaain is now the only nation that is as willing to invest abroad as it is at home. Precarious risks have been taken, he declared, and proportionate profits built up, but there has come a change in the attitudes of foreign governments, which makes such ventures precari- ous.

"It is not too much to say," said Keynes, "that there are now very few countries in the world in which a public utility undertaking, mainly owned by foreigners, is secure of fair treatment. The cases of ruin- ously unfair treatment are so nu- merous that any typical pre-war investor has suffered heavy loss.

"Then there are loans to govern- ments and local authorities abroad. "Who can maintain that the indi- rect material advantages of such loans are great? Many of them have been employed to wage war, and without them wars could not have been carried on. We in this country would have fared much better if we had had the same dis- taste for this class of security as the American investor, who expects 8 to 12 per cent interest, and does not like to lend even then."

New Debts Unlikely.

Keynes foresees that the motives tending toward repudiation by all debtor governments are likely to increase, for the time is approach- ing when these governments will cease to borrow afresh each year more than the interest on previous loans.

"I see no special virtue in exports for their own sake, which are not required to pay for desired imports," continued Keynes. "Investment abroad does not stimulate employ- ment a scrap more than would an equal investment at home. Last year we invested abroad about two-thirds of what passed through the invest- ment markets and probably between a half and a third of our total sav- ings.

"I believe that most of this could have been usefully employed at home; and, indeed, in the future our savings must be so employed if our national equipment is to grow as fast as our population and our theoretical standards of life."

PRETTY PICKLE

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Off With the Ugly Warts

Wartless pickles are the crying need of America today, the annual convention of the National Associa- tion of Pickle Manufacturers, meet- ing in Grand Rapids, Mich., was told by F. A. Brown, Chicago, its presi- dent.

The United States, he said, has be- come, since the war, the greatest pickle eating nation in the world, more than 550,000,000 pickles being consumed annually in this country.

Mr. Brown, pleading for a prettier pickle, decried the present ugly shape and emphasized that epicu- rean housewives hesitate to place warty pickles on their tables. He asked for a perfect pickle, which he said would be "slightly longer than the snow pickle, not quite so long as the Chicago packing variety, dark green in color, uniform in shape and above all, a pickle with- out warts. Professor George Starr, vegetable specialist at Michigan Ag- ricultural college, told the conven- tion that by crossing, selecting and breeding, a made-to-order pickle to answer Mr. Brown's requirements could be produced.

GERMAN TOURIST RUSH RESUMED

Tax Removal Sends Tide of Travel to All Parts of Continent.

No sooner had the German gov- ernment rescinded the order by which German citizens who de- sire to leave the country on pleasure trips must pay a tax of 500 gold marks, than the tourist bureaus again were overrun with prospective travelers. Denmark, Norway and Sweden are the countries now pre- ferred, while in spring Italy was the mecca of the Germans. Even Finland has developed into a "most favored nation."

Germans who do not travel north- ward usually select Austria, Czecho- Slovakia and especially the Tyrol for their holiday. The Tyrol is so crowded with tourists that tele- graphic inquiries for accommoda- tions almost invariably bring a neg- ative reply.

The rescinding of the 500-mark clause has had a wholesome effect upon prices in German bathing and summer resorts. The proprietors, now that they see their compatriots hurrying to cheaper countries, sud- denly have become very humble, and one sees many advertisements of rooms and lodging in attractive re- sorts at virtually pre-war prices.

Zane Grey to Cruise

Zane Grey, novelist, who had been tuna fishing in Nova Scotia waters, has purchased the three-masted schooner Mapleland and will take it to New York, where it will be trans- formed into a yacht. The author and his party will cruise to South America.

CAMEL BONES FOUND IN KANSAS

Lake Bed Give Up Rare Fossils After Month's Excavation.

Half a ton of fossil bones, all of them new, for the University of Kansas museum and some of them new to science, have been discovered in Sherman county, Kansas, accord- ing to H. T. Martin, curator of the university's museum. Mr. Martin and Curtis Hesse, laboratory assist- ant, spent four weeks near Good- land, Kan., and shoveled more than 100 tons of sand in uncovering the fossils.

"Parts of at least 15 species of mammals were recovered," said Mr. Martin. "These included three spe- cies of camels, one as large as a small giraffe, the smallest the size of a sheep; two species rhinoceros, three species of three-toed horse, dog, cat, peccary, deer, and three species of mastodons.

"The fossils were found in a form- ation that apparently had once been a small lake bed, 300 feet square, and several feet under ground, mak- ing it necessary to use a plow and scraper to reach to the fossil-bearing sands.

"The bones, which are of a jet black, were found scattered over the entire space, but parts of bones that we sometimes found widely separated fitted together perfectly.

"Apparently," said Mr. Martin, "these bones were distributed by freezing, either through ice on the lake, or a glacier. That is the only way I can explain the sharply brok- en bones and their distribution. No complete skeletons were found."

The Beauty of the Family

By Ada Rogers

ALL her life, Marjorie had been forced to listen to praises of her sister Beatrice's beauty. No one ever complimented Marjorie; it was always "Beatrice—the pretty sister, you know." And Marjorie wondered why she had never been popular with men, as her pretty sister had been. True, Beatrice had beauty, where she had none to speak of; and yet, she was not really an ugly girl. If her complexion had only been better—! People always spoke of the "rosebud cheeks" of her sis- ter, and she wondered, bit- terly, why she had been slighted by nature.

The day of Beatrice's wed- ding, as she was surveying herself in the mirror, in her dainty bridesmaid's gown, her Aunt Isabel came into the room. Marjorie turned savagely from the mirror. "Auntie," she cried, "why wasn't I born beautiful?"

"My child," her aunt replied, "why do you say you are not beautiful? If you would just do something to clear your skin, you would be as pretty as your sister."

All eagerness, Marjorie begged her aunt to tell her what she could do to remedy this fault. Aunt Isabel replied, "well—I have heard a great deal about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, suppose you try that, and see what it does for you."

Marjorie consulted her physician, who indorsed what her aunt had said, and before long, through faithful adherence to the treatment pre- scribed by Dr. Pierce she found that her skin was growing soft and creamy, and that the unsightly blotches were rapidly disappearing.

And a year later, on her own wedding day, as she walked up the aisle in all her bridal finery, everyone admitted that she was the beauty of the family.

Marjorie advises every woman to write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice. It will be given you in strict con- fidence.

Send 10c if you desire a trial package of the Discovery tablets.

Many folks in this state owe their good health to this tonic.

Hazelton, Pa.—"I was all rundown, had no ambition, and little strength to work. My blood was thin and poor, I had no desire for food and was in a nervous condition. I began to feel an improvement after taking a few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; it gave me new life, enriched my blood and brought back the color I had lost. Two bottles was all I had, but it built me up strong and well. I can recommend the 'Discovery' to anyone as a splendid tonic to enrich the blood."—Mrs. George Boyle, 20½ North Cedar St.

TOLEDO BLADE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers, Toledo, Ohio.

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Read the Advertising

We will not, knowingly, accept advertising from a dishonest concern. Our readers are our friends and an advertisement is an introduction of the advertiser into the homes of our friends.

We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1924

It doesn't matter now who won the war—Dawes won the peace.

William J. Bryan can't help speaking well of the head of the Democratic ticket when it has such a fine tail.

If she takes her medicine regularly Europe ought to be up and around soon.

Lima Beane says the saddest words of tongue or pen are these:
She cut a few capers
And got in the papers.

If there is more sin in the world than formerly it may be because the population is greater, hence more sinners.

Paying the bills spoils the memory of sweet buy and buy.

Some day Henry Ford's coattails will tear.

There is something ridiculous about this country being ready to go to destruction every four years.

If all the laws were obeyed there would not be too many.

A hungry boy never finds fault with the quality of his mother's cooking if the quantity is there.

Maybe the dog that barks at the moon thinks he treed it.

If the President can popularize common sense he will have brought a great blessing to the country.

Perhaps there are as many, if not more, liars now than ever before, but they don't stand out like Ananias and Doc Cook.

The merchant can never reach up and touch heaven with a yardstick that is only 33 inches long.

They tell of a judge who has decided that a husband must tell his wife where he has been. The husband can evade the ruling by taking his wife with him.

Poor old Abe Lincoln! He is forever being dragged out of his grave by the political ghouls who are trying to fool as many voters as possible.

By golly, some people act as if Defense Day meant going to war and they expected to be drafted.

Mind may have a powerful influence over matter, but if there is pain matter is pretty sure to win.

People will pay to hear a lecturer tell them what they don't believe.

Divorces are never solemnized, like marriages.

All Mr. LaFollette has to do to be triumphantly elected is to convince a majority of the voters that the American eagle is a buzzard.

Under prohibition men have been known to drink hair tonic. But that is nothing. Fuzzy tongues were often acquired in the old saloon days.

It is said that no two grains of sand are just alike. Maybe so, but they taste the same.

"A man is traveling across Europe by somersaults." There's your Mister Rolling Stone.

John W. Davis made a good opening speech. Even the Democrats liked it.

Some people count their blessings on their thumbs, when they ought to use all of their fingers.

A fat girl doesn't want to be like a skinny girl any more than a skinny girls wants to be like a fat girl.

Uncle Sam is trying to push back into circulation the old silver dollar, the kind that used to jingle in the pocket just when you were trying to convince the fellow who wanted to borrow that you didn't have a dollar.

Nobody ever made a success of life simply by hating a millionaire.

You would imagine a progressive league would do something more than talk, but it never seems to.

How to be unhappy: Worry about the past and fear the future.

Even the corn borer is not as strong for the third party ticket as LaFollette and Wheeler might have expected.

If John W. Davis follows his inclinations and gives the country a clean, gentlemanly campaign he will have nothing to regret when he is defeated.

Aviators hop off, but the kangaroo originated the idea.

Why don't the opponents of Defense Day oppose fire drills in the public schools? Those drills might cause a fire.

Life is a failure if we die without discovering we don't know it all.

A Utah man made $175,000 raising homing pigeons and lost it on the wheat market. Every dollar had wings.

Anything William J. Bryan says is followed by the lean specter of something he said on a previous occasion. That's the penalty for having talked for 28 years.

Mr. LaFollette resents the idea of being called a radical. First thing he knows he will lose the support of Debs, then who will keep the red flag flying?

Well, by the time the race becomes legless we suppose it will be fat enough to roll short distances, where the use of the auto is impracticable.

There is a woman in Kansas with a lively heart and a sense of humor that can smile at the years. Listen to what she says: "I'm not getting

Another Peace After War

The American agricultural industry has passed through a species of war. So far as its wounds and injuries are concerned, the misery it has suffered and the despair that has been visited upon it, the industry might as well have experienced an armed invasion. Many farmers, possibly, would have preferred invasion since they would have derived some excitement from it.

By reason of expansions and the ease with which money could be borrowed, the farmers had piled up a total debt of $13,000,000,000 by Jan. 1, 1920. No new figures on this debt have been published, but doubtless the total has greatly increased. For four years, the thoughts of the farmers have been devoted to a more vital business than buying new land and putting in more crops. This has been the problem of saving themselves and the only method of doing this in multitudinous cases was by the borrowing of more money.

In 1920, farm interest and farm taxes required the payment of $1,457,000,000. In 1921, this expenditure had grown to $1,684,000,000. It was $1,749,000,000 in 1922. In other words, the farmers were paying out more for interest, they were called on to pay more taxes, in a period of depression than there were dollars jingling in their pockets and the idea or fear of ruin was far away.

Of all the persons who went through bankruptcy last year, 17.4 per cent were farmers. Between 1920, when the deflation began, and the spring of 1923, nearly 9 per cent of the farmers of 15 states had lost their lands and homes. This percentage does not include the farmers who retained their ownership, but abandoned their occupation because of the difficulty or impossibility of earning a living from the soil. The abandoned farms have been the most mournful sights of the countryside these recent years. The weed-grown fields and the empty windows of the farm dwellings have suggested that a district menaced by marching armies and deserted by its population could scarcely look worse.

The reaction of agricultural depression upon business and manufacturing industry related to farming is plainly indicated by a report of the house committee on agriculture which shows that in 1921 alone the meat packing companies lost more than $60,000,000, the flour trade in 1923 worked only between 40 and 45 per cent of capacity and the investments in farm implement concerns have paid small or no dividends in five years. Of all the bank failures of the last 22 years, 44 per cent occurred from 1920 to 1923 inclusive. Most of these failures were in the sections mostly devoted to farming.

The farm people have not been moved to celebrate the turn in agricultural fortunes with the noise with which the news of the armistice was received in 1918. But we can well believe they feel like doing it. They are coming out from under the shadow of poverty. Their future is alight with hope. If some sort of control can be exercised over planting so that a great surplus of products will not crush instead of enrich the farmers, the depression of 1920-23 will be as historical as the panic of 1893, not to come again at least with the same bitter experiences.

Meeting a Human Need

From time to time Mother Earth gets the notion that she is cramped in the matter of self-expression. And so in far islands and along the rims of certain seas there is a rumbling and grumbling, a spitting of flame and a throwing of stones, by day a pillar of a cloud and by night a pillar of fire. It is not altogether pleasant for one to be in the vicinity of places that Mother Earth picks out for the exercise of her ill-temper, but, on the other hand, these places furnish plenty of excitement.

One of the most interesting phases of man's relations with volcanoes is that they nowise scare him into quitting a volcanic area. He plants his vineyards up to the line of the barren ash heaps. He marks his roads across the lava beds whose every aspect is a threat of things, dreadful things, that will happen again. Here he lives and labors and woos and weds and gives no thought to the slumbering devils beneath his stony fields. When eruptions come and send forth their molten streams and earthquakes cause the houses to tumble in and the very highways to gape hungrily for chance victims the dweller moves to the lowlands, goes through a season as a refugee and then calmly moves back to the old fields and starts life afresh. It is not pleasant to live where one may be thrown out of bed almost any time, and yet in such a spot there is no want of interest and excitement.

Is there not some analogy between the human attitude toward the restlessness of Mother Earth and the attitude of mankind in general toward war? We have nothing we denounce more than war. And still we have war. Does it not meet the labor-burdened man's craving for change and excitement? Is not its dangers and agonies and filth to be endured by millions of young men because, after all, it can make the pulses beat their liveliest and wipe from the mind ten thousand dissatisfactions and resentments? There is not a great deal known about man's inner nature. Nobody

gulfs separate one human creature's soul from another's.

The patient delving for knowledge may some day reveal that war has been only an instrument, as the volcano is, for relieving men of dullness become too much to endure. And then some effort will be made to make peace as entertaining, as exciting, as quickening to the blood, as war. There may be no other way to end war.

Democrats and Pacifism

If nominees Davis and Bryan wish to undertake to win the pacifist vote for the Democratic ticket they can have virtually a monopoly of the job. Few of the captains and lieutenants of Democracy care to join them in the endeavor.

Governor W. J. Fields of Kentucky, a Democrat, plainly indicates that there is little sympathy in the party for the attitude assumed by Davis and Bryan. His proclamation for the observance of Defense Day amounts to a rebuke of these worthies. The governor says that the test in September of the ability of the country to mobilize for an emergency is "not a militaristic movement, nor even a veiled gesture, but a patriotic assembly for the purpose of demonstrating the military status of the United States; a meeting on the great democratic grounds of a common cause; a gathering that will bring to light just what our national defense is and intends to become."

Governor Bryan's attack upon Defense Day might have been made by Brother William, so typical was it of that queer mixture of practical politics and romantic fantasies. It was made first and inquired into afterward. Mr. Davis' share in the affair was merely to shout "me too." It is not certain that Governor Bryan is going to be any less loose of chin throughout the rest of the campaign, but it is highly possible that Mr. Davis has learned a lesson, and this is that if he opens his mouth to echo his running mate he is very likely to put his foot into it.

The pacifist movement, for all its vociferation, is of indifferent strength. The difficulty it meets with is the opposition of the hundreds of thousands of former soldiers who have had visual experience with non-preparedness. These men beheld the confusion of a nation that entered a great war with little knowledge and less equipment for the business it had undertaken. They saw the waste and the graft. They suffered individually from the muddleheadedness and they are more aware than anyone else of the fact that thousands of deaths were due to a combination of official ignorance and inadequate training. There may be some pacifists among the veterans. But they are rare, and are of that type of humanity with whom experience counts nothing.

The Democratic party, in the mass, is well content to let the La-Follette crowd have the pacifist issue and support. It is not improbable that if Messrs. Davis and Bryan, or rather Bryan and Davis, have another brain storm over Defense Day some means will be found for disciplining them.

The President's Vacation

Calvin Coolidge is spending a vacation on his father's farm in Vermont. It is not, however, a 100 per cent vacation. No citizen of the United States enjoys so little freedom as the President. Important official matters must have attention every day, but for a short time the President has put aside the little worrying details of a big job, the wearisome social functions of the capital, the pomp and formalities of officialdom, the schemes of self-seeking politicians who dog his doorstep in Washington.

Calvin Coolidge has gone back home, close to the things which are simple and elemental; back to the silences and hills of boyhood environment where his deep sense of personal responsibility, his ability to think in a straight line and speak clearly, honestly and fearlessly were developed.

Campaigning in Toledo recently, a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, said that a 14-year-old neighbor boy had rushed into the candidate's home, shouting: "I have read it and I understand it."

"Read and understood what?" the candidate asked.

"The President's message."

That boy unconsciously paid a fine tribute to the President. Honest and sincere thoughts can be expressed simply. No rhetorical camouflage is required.

Recent developments in the news are as plain as one of the President's messages and equally understandable. Headlines tell these facts:

"Unemployment in Ohio decreases."

"The farmer's dollar near normal again."

"Building boom biggest ever."

"Liberty bonds hit new high mark."

"Revenue collector sending rebate checks to income tax payers on account of 25 per cent reduction in tax rate."

Having these facts in mind, it is clear that some millions of plain, sensible, honest folks are going to vote for Calvin Coolidge in November.

It may be interesting to hear what the Democrats and the Bobcats have to say, but the chances are that they will talk a lot—about something else—and that what they say will be much less understandable and not at all convincing.

Ragweed is permitted to grow luxuriously in many places and is unmolested. People seem to think it

IN THE WILDS OF LUZON

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Through Jungle and Forest by Pony

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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THE wilds of the Philippines! Do you know what that means?

You look upon these islands as thickly settled. You know they have 12,000,000 people, one-tenth as many as the whole United States scattered over an area about as big as that of New Mexico, and you imagine a country of farms crowded together like those of Ohio, Indiana or Illinois. The truth is that most of the Philippines is new land. Nine-tenths of it is unsettled. There are tens of millions of acres in forest and jungle, there are vast tracts of prairie land which are high and healthful, and wild lands fed by running streams which need but little work to fit them for irrigation.

Some of the richest islands are almost bare of people. Bohol has a tract of unsurveyed forest which is more than a half mile above the sea; and there are vast areas in Mindanao, high and salubrious and suited for cattle.

The forests which have never been touched are larger than the state of Kentucky, and some of the trees are 200 feet high and seven feet in diameter. There are other tracts, which taken together are bigger than the state of Virginia, suited for intensive farming; and all told some of the best lands are as virgin as they were when Ferdinand Magellan first saw the island of Samar.

Homesteading the Philippines.

It is now about 15 years since Uncle Sam introduced our homestead policy to the Filipinos, and since then more and more of these wild lands have been taken up every year. Most of the public domain belongs to the people, and there are more than 70,000,000 acres, or almost three times as much as Ohio, open to homesteads or sale. So far about 3,000,000 acres of the farm lands have been taken up in this way, and the balance is still awaiting development.

In 1910 there were 2,000 applications for homesteads. This number had more than trebled by 1915, and in 1920 the homesteaders who wanted lands numbered more than 10,000. The work is going on here and there in the wilder parts of the archipelago, and the best tracts are being opened up by new roads, the principal ones of which are better constructed than the well-developed country highways of the United States. Every new road brings new applications and new peoples, and the work of pioneering goes on in a small way like that which conquered the wilds of our country.

I traveled by automobile and on horseback through the provinces of Nueva Ecija and Nueva Viscaya, the latter of which has much new land opened to settlement. I have seen homesteads staked out in the woods; and have met caravans of carts, their covers of bamboo basket work taking the place of the canvas which shaded the wagons of our pioneers, each cart or so containing a family. Sometimes an extra carabao or pony, a cow or a bull, lagged on behind, and in one case I saw a family that had six dogs which my guide said the owner expected to sell for meat to the wild men of the neighborhood where he was going. Each of these carts carried the wealth of the family in goods and tools, and also the rice they will eat on the journey.

Farms of Fifty-nine Acres.

At midday, when all seek the shade to get away from the tropical sun I stopped often to talk with the homesteaders, going with them into the jungles to look at their carabaos which require the same rest and freedom from heat as the people themselves. I found the men ambitious, and each family felt that it had a fortune in sight. According to the new laws, the homesteader has the right to take up 59 acres of land, and he can buy in addition at government prices enough to give him altogether a tract of 250 acres. The 59 acres mean wealth for he can divide it among renters and live in the town upon his receipts when the farm is his own. The chief crop here is rice, and five acres are about as much as one man can tend. Nearly every family has the idea of getting a homestead and renting it out. According to the laws the man must clear the land and farm the same for five years. He then gets a Torrens title which will enable him to rent or sell.

As I rode through the jungle I was accompanied by the principal of the Munoz agricultural school who told me the rich farming land of that settlement 10 years ago was as wild as this, and that the monkeys then swung from the branches over the athletic ground where the student farmers now swing on the flying rings or exercise on the parallel bars. For some years the monkeys pestered the school by stealing the corn and eating the fruit. That tract raises today some of the best rice crops of the islands.

On a Pioneer Road.

The road by which I entered this country is one that is being cut north and south through Luzon. It will open up the whole Cagayan valley which has some of the richest of the tobacco and rice lands, and will form a highway over which one can go by automobile or motor bus from the north coast to Manila. This, as the crow flies, is farther, I should say, than from Philadelphia to Boston. Since our occupation of the Philippines road building has steadily gone on in these islands, and today there are enough public roads, if connected together, to reach from Los Angeles to New York and across the Atlantic to London. Of these about one-half are first-class roads, which are well graded and surfaced and kept in good order. The older roads have concrete bridges and culverts, and where these are missing their places are supplied by ferries which can carry automobiles weighing two tons or more. The expense of road building is much less than with us for the labor charge is often only 25 cents a day per man. The average cost of the first class roads is about $8,000 per mile.

The roads are constantly watched. There is a caretaker for every kilometer, or five-eighths of a mile. This man spends all his time in that stretch. He fills in the holes as they come, digs out the grass and daily goes over most of the road with a brush or rake made of twigs. He gets 15 pesos a month or 25 cents a day, and his job is considered a fat one by the class to which he belongs. He has a rake, wheelbarrow and shovel, and sometimes men to help him. He wears a calico uniform consisting of a blue shirt and red pants, and you can see him a mile before you come to him. These road men are to be found all over the Philippines, and their work is as well done as that of the same class who keep in order the roads of Germany and France.

Motoring Over Mountains.

The new road which took me into the Cagayan valley is an evidence of the care and engineering skill which the Filipinos employ in making their highways. It has been laid out by civil engineers, and surveys are going on everywhere. Some parts of it hug the sides of the jungle-clad cliffs. The road is cut right through the wilds. The track is wide enough only for one motor car or truck at a time. There are gates to each section, where watchmen keep track of the traffic by telephone, holding back the vehicles of one section until those of the next section get through.

The road climbs about 3,000 feet over one range of mountains, skirts the hills and drops into a valley. It then goes over other mountains with frequent bridges and culverts, with horseshoe curves and all the windings about of a corkscrew. In some places they were making bridges of planks of Filipino mahogany 15 feet long, 18 inches wide and two inches thick. Here and there the Igorots were breaking stone for the roadbed, and further on putting in concrete culverts to conduct the mountain streams under the highway. The whole ride was a moving picture, equal to the wildest ever shown on the screen.

As we went further on into the jungle, we dropped down into valleys where the homesteaders had already taken up lands. We crossed long bamboo bridges and sometimes pontoons made of dugouts with floors of bamboo canes which rattled as the automobile ran over them. There were frequent ferries where a wire cable was so hitched to the boat that the stream did the work of carrying us across. We had to pay toll at every ferry, but all the roads and bridges were free.

The Ubiquitous Schoolhouse.

As we went on with our journey we now and then passed through villages in the valleys, little collections of thatched huts upon posts shaded by cocoanuts or bananas. Everyone of these had its schoolhouse, sometimes made of bamboo canes and sometimes of boards. In addition to the hundreds of substantially built wood and concrete schoolhouses, there are more than 2,000 in the islands which have been hurriedly knocked up for the pupils. Every school yard has its garden and athletic grounds, and the most common sight on the roads is the little ones going to and from school. In front of every school are two poles. From one floats the American flag and from the other the Filipino flag. The children salute both as they come in every morning.

In one of the towns I saw a woman leading a 300-pound hog with a clothes line. The line was forked at the end and each fork was fastened to the pig's ear by a button or knot. The ears had been punched, just as you punch a strap, with holes as big around as a collar button. The holes just fitted the clothes line, and a knot on the end of each fork kept it from coming out. The pig seemed to understand it was haltered, and followed its mistress.

Next to chicken, pork is the chief meat of these islands, and one sees pigs everywhere. Men carry pigs to the market, strapped to their backs, and I often see a boy with one in his arms.

Through Jungle on Ponies.

After a time we reached the end of the roadway, and took ponies to go through the mountainous wilds which will eventually be cut by one of these excellent highways. Here the country is as wild as it was before the Malays came to the islands where the whole region was populated by head-hunting tribes. It made me feel like an explorer, and I took out my notebook and put down some of the wonders of nature as my rat-like steed jogged up and down hill.

I wish I could show you the trees and vines of the jungle. There are hundreds of palms with silver gray trunks a foot in diameter and 80 feet high that break out into a mass of fern-like leaves at the top. There are great hardwoods as big around as the boiler of a locomotive, with not a branch below the height of a six-story house, and there are others a hundred feet high loaded with orchids as big as a market basket, some of which have wonderful flowers. I remember a huge bunch of ferns shaped like a bushel basket resting against the trunk upon a branch 80 feet from the ground. There were also fern trees extending four feet above my head as I sat on my pony, and giants of the forest with green streamers hanging 30 or 40 feet down. These were of the banyan variety. The leaves will extend on to the ground and take root and the whole will form a great green canopy out here in the woods. Verily "The groves were God's first temples!"

The bamboo are most interesting, thousands of green poles, each as high as an eight story building with feathers of green running from bottom to top.

And then the dead trees! I frequently struck a patch of these mighty skeletons, a graveyard of snow white ghosts 100 feet high reaching out their bare, bony arms into the sky. Sometimes the vines had half covered them, and orchids, which at home would bring their weight in gold, clung to the branches. The dead trees made me shudder as I rode through them after dark.

And then the night scenes of the forest! When every body of vegetation took on a new aspect, and shadowy forts, castles and huge mounds rose here and there over the trail. I remember one combination of trees and vines that had the perfect shape of a cross 80 feet high with arms extending 15 feet out on each side. It was an emblem of the Christ in these pagan wilds.

Robbing the Skies.

But most wonderful of all was the illumination of these bodies made by the fireflies. There are species of acacias and other trees here which seem to be the homes of these insects, and about which they fly by the thousands, so many shooting stars darting up and down and crosswise, making gigantic Christmas trees filled with moving diamonds. It seemed to me as though the heavens had been robbed of the stars for the trees. Sometimes the acacias were in groves, which in the pale light of the heavens looked like mighty palaces or apartment houses illuminated by spirits flying from window to window with their incandescent lamps. The fireflies of America are chiefly found in the swamps. These fireflies shoot from the ground to the highest of trees. Their phosphorescence is as bright as that of the stars, and at times they almost illuminated our way.

Allied to these living fires were the camps of the homesteaders, and now and then of the pagan tribes of the mountains. We frequently passed little fires about which almost nude figures with bolos on their hips were sitting cooking their meals. They sometimes got up and saluted us. I remember that one of them called out in English "Good morning" as I rode on into the darkness.

There was plenty of life in the jungle. There were monkeys jumping from branch to branch or sitting in the crotches and chattering as we passed by. There were strange birds whose cries made me think of the laughing jackass of Australia, and calaos with black heads and breasts, and a white band under the chin and with tall feathers of dull gold. These calaos are said to cry out every day at high noon. They are sometimes called the hour bird, and they have a Spanish name which means the clock of the mountains. My guide told me they cry out only once every hour, but it seems to me they sing all the time.

And then there were doves which cooed, and crows which cawed, and away down in the valley we saw the weaver birds which rob the rice fields. There are tree snails that climb up and lay their eggs on the leaves. The eggs are as big as rice grains, and of about the same hue. The Philippines have also the tree crabs, and as to the insects of the jungle their name is legion, and they make an ever continuing noise.

Bears No Love for White Man

—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

THE Philippine carabao hates the smell of a white man, although he will allow himself to be led or ridden by mere babies if they are Filipinos. If an American comes near he will paw the earth and rush at him.

ABE MARTIN

Ther never wuz a family or a brass band that could git along among 'emselves.

Mrs. Lib Moots, who is bedfast, heard candidate Newt Plum's radio speech attackin' th' Democrats last night.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

Saying and Giving

I PUT five dollars down in brine, and to myself I say, "A wise and prudent course is mine—I salt the coin away. And when I'm old, with snowy hair, too tired and weak to toil, I'll rest beneath my tree and vine, my bundle by my side; I put my kopecks down in brine, and so I point with pride." Man's bosom has a genial glow, he has a tranquil mind, if he is privileged to know that want is left behind. If he can face the aging years, and say, "You don't affright; I have the scads piled up in tiers," he is a happy wight. I give five dollars to a gent who's hungry, hipped and hoarse; he's moved me, by his dire lament, from out my thrifty course. These precious bucks that should be placed in storage, high and dry, impulsively I choose to waste upon a homeless guy. And, strangely, now, I feel a glow that warms this breast of mine, far greater than the one I know when I put coin in brine. I know it's foolish to disburse, this way, a princely sum, to take the rubles from my purse and hand them to a bum. I ought to husband all the pelf against the wintry day, yet I feel prouder of myself, when giving plunks away.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The Mystery of Golf

He may be a marvel at Latin and Greek,
Polish and Russian be able to speak;
But that doesn't help him to handle a cleek.

He may be a surgeon of eminent skill,
And know all about you whenever you're ill;
But that doesn't help him to keep his head still.

He may be a wizard at figures and rank
As the greatest accountant they have in the bank;
But when playing his mashies the shot he will shank.

He may be a preacher and know the good book,
He may save the soul of a double-dyed crook;
But that doesn't help him to get rid of a hook!

He may be a millionaire; yes, even thrice!
May buy what he wants and not think of the price;
But money will never get rid of a slice.

He may be a lawyer of eminent note,
Whole pages from Blackstone perhaps he can quote;
But bunkers and hazards will still get his goat.

He may be a statesman, respected and great,
May hold in his hands the affairs of the state;
But diplomacy won't keep an iron shot straight.

He may know the sciences ancient and be
The holder of many a college degree;
But it takes more than brains to get well off the tee.

He may know the Pharaohs and talk of King Tut,
May solve hieroglyphics and sign writing; but
He will not win the hole if he can't sink the putt.

So golfers be happy and dub on your way,
Take this consolation to sootne your dismay;
You must not know too much if good golf you would play.

Good golfers are few, and the few that exist
Have spent all their time on that snap of the wrist;
They have learned how to drive, but the classics they've missed.

Don't fret o'er your game as you watch the pros play
And wish you could shoot brassie shots in that way;
For you could if you did nothing else every day.

(© 1924 Edgar A. Guest)

The rule that vehicular traffic keep to the left, as in England, was changed in Madrid, Spain, to the right-handed system, as maintained in America and France. In celebration of the change in the rules, taxi drivers gathered at a public square and made an unnecessary din.

VARIETIES

More than 500,000,000 cigars were manufactured in Tampa during the last fiscal year.

The first postoffice in the United States was established in Boston 285 years ago.

Paper hangings for use on walls were introduced into Europe from the east in 1675.

Each day on the average nearly 15,000,000 bananas are consumed in the United States.

Dried whale meat, seasoned for a year or two, is a favorite article of diet in the Faroe islands.

The first successful steam fire engine made in America was completed in Cincinnati in 18[illegible].

The people of Tyre were experts in dyeing that Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day.

There are many muscles in the human body control of which has been lost through ages of disuse.

For the first time on record Canadian flour exports have recently exceeded those of the United States.

Seventy-five per cent of the world's yield of gold last year was produced within the British empire.

Bamboo writing pens are favored in India, where they have been in use for more than [illegible] years.

Less than 2 per cent of the total land area of the arid and semi-arid parts of the United States is now irrigated.

Some of the larger commercial hotels in the South use slot machine electric fans for the convenience of their guests.

The caper bush, from which caper sauce is made is a beautiful ornamental plant that adorns the walls of Jerusalem.

The state of Sao Paulo, which covers one-thirty-second part of Brazil, contains one-eighth of the country's population.

When a woman without arms was married at Christ church, New Zealand, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot.

The natives of Turkestan regard yawning as a reprehensible act and indicative of a state of prejaredness for the reception of demons.

A balsam fir which may prove valuable in producing wood for paper-making has been introduced into this country from China.

The queen of Denmark, who is a member of the princely house of Mecklenburg, is one of the wealthiest women of European royalty.

The Swedish Match corporation becomes the largest industrial concern in Scandinavia, its capital stock amounting to about $48,000,000.

The exportation from France of native oysters less than seven centimeters in their greatest diameter is prohibited until further orders.

In many parts of South America wooden crosses are still erected on the outskirts of the towns and villages to frighten away evil spirits.

The India section of the British Empire exhibition contains a realistic jungle, with lifelike figures of lions, tigers, elephants and hunters.

American manufacturers of mah jongg sets and accessories during the last year are estimated to have consumed upward of 1,000,000 feet of lumber.

In Canada there are fields of soft coal ignite, estimated at 57,000,000,000 tons, which would last 140,000 years at the present rate of consumption.

The recent spectacular dawn-to-dusk flight across the country by Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan was made in spite of almost constant contrary winds.

Rich deposits of ores of the rare elements, zirconium and hafnium, valuable because of their radio-active properties, have been found in Madagascar.

Temperatures of the water surface of the Gulf of Mexico to a large extent determine the temperature, rainful, and prevailing winds of the interior of Texas.

A remarkable flight of billions of painted butterflies to California has been followed by a serious outbreak of caterpillars, which are attacking garden plants of all kinds.

The endowment of the Smithsonian Institution now amounts to approximately $1,200,000. This principal sum is deposited in the United States treasury and bears interest at 6 per cent.

The red color of the heart wood of many box-elder trees, poetically supposed by the Greeks to be "dryads' blood," is due to the invasion of a fungous parasite of the genus Fusarium.

Isleboro is the only town in the state of Maine where automobiles are banned, the residents reaching the 14 miles of road on the island for the exclusive use of carriages and saddle horses.

A woman of Norwich, England, had an unusual birth certificate to offer as proof of her daughter's age. The certificate was a hen's egg on which the name of the girl and the date of her birth had been engraved.

Shanghai has a symphony orchestra of about 50 pieces, playing on Sunday afternoon during the summer at Jessfield park and Hongkew park. It is purely a "volunteer" organization made up of various nationalities.

The French societies of chemical industry have formed a syndicate called "Ammonia" for the production of fertilizer from atmospheric nitrogen to relieve France of present dependence on Chilean nitrates.

A factory has been established in Johannesburg, South Africa, for locusts in the manufacture of concentrated cattle and poultry food. The raw material is almost inexhaustible and a large output is anticipated.

The University of Texas may become one of the wealthiest institutions of learning in the world as a result of the recent discovery of oil on its lands. Under contract with the oil companies the university will receive a one-eighth royalty.

The American potato bug has invaded France, and Germany has begun guarding her frontiers against a possible invasion of her territory. The pest was first introduced into France in the region of Bordeaux by a shipment of potatoes to the A. E. F. during the war.

Because of the popularity of the Christian name Jacob and the number of families of the same surname, Mennonites of the colony at Wolf Creek, S. D., find it necessary to number people of the same name. One Jacob Hofer has been known as Jacob Hofer [illegible]

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

PLAY SAFE

BY MARTHA HOLDEN.

Death longer creeps down ... in search of victims. ... at every street and ... on every highway ... railroad crossing. ... ible and shows no ... The newspapers ... filled with stories of ... and their casualties. ... automobile riders ... the greater number ... victims.

... uses the vast ma... accidents. If you are ... your name appear ... of the daily news... do so by being care... ... your machine. ... be printed for all to ... will be sent to a ... pital. If you would ... about your life play ...

... too many cars are ... hands of fools with ... brainless idiots ... highway without re... conditions whatsoever, ... ring their own lives ... of others, many of ... ful drivers and are ... all. We need not ... safety of the fool ... fewer there are the ... rest of the world will ... But the careful man or woman ... suffers loss from the actions of the ...

We read of a group of child pic... crushed to death by a ... ... at a railroad cross... simply because the driver of the ... carrying them home from their ... thought no train was ... was not certain. We ... occupants of a pri... were killed and three ... injured because the driver, in ... to pass another machine, ... to the left and collided with ... car.

Persons intoxicated with drink are often to blame for accidents, but those intoxicated with the speed ma... are the chief cause. It's speed, ... and still more speed. These ... men cannot travel behind an... machine. They must pass ... on the road, no matter if ... cars are coming in the oppo... direction or not. Sometimes ... pass them and sometimes they ... Often they pass into a ditch.

The best thing to do when you go out to ride in your auto with the idea of coming back alive is to play safe. Slow down at crossings and street intersections. Look both ways and listen with both ears when approaching a railroad crossing. Don't try to dodge in and out of a long line of traffic. You may reach your destination more quickly, but again, you may not reach it at all. Cling to the right of the road and don't swerve from one side to the other in a careless manner. Remember there are other cars on the road.

When you stop or turn, signal to the man behind you. Watch for signals from the man in front of you. Don't stage races. If some fool wants to race let him race with himself. Watch out for pedestrians and don't think they haven't any right to be on earth. Remember they were here before automobiles. You may be legally correct as to your rights, but it won't do you any good after you are in the hospital or the morgue. It's all right to insist upon your rights but the question is not one of life or death. We would rather be alive and give up some of our rights than retain them and be dead or maimed for life.

Above all, don't go to sleep at the wheel. Keep alert at all times, especially at intersections. Scenery may be beautiful, but miss its beauty if you can't look at it and play safe at the same time. Don't dream while driving. Leave your dreaming for the front porch. Don't try to beat trains. You may fail and even if you are lucky and beat one it doesn't mean a thing.

The best way to play safe is to regard every other driver as a crazy fool. Don't place any dependence in what they do. Rely upon yourself. When you are driving one of two machines that reach an intersection at the same time, tell yourself that the other driver is an ignorant idiot and stop your machine to let him have the right of way, even if the law says you have it. Maybe the other driver isn't crazy but you don't know it and cannot tell whether he is. There's a chance that he might be, as there are a good many crazy ones loose.

Play safe when out driving and keep alive. If you can't play safe keep your machine in the garage, for you are a public nuisance and too dangerous to be allowed freedom.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

NEW FRANCE.

I notice that I got in my "last word" on an old subject. There have been a number of good new subjects suggested which I would like to write about before they get too old. Sister of N. Y., "Desert Gold" will answer my conundrum but the answer had in mind is the title of one of Gene Stratton Porter's books. As you said at guessing you will know ... Sister, I am glad that you ... better and that you received ... on the honor roll. Someone ... who was the father of New ... and what part of the United ... was called New France. ... Champlain, who made the ... settlement in the new world at Quebec in 1608, ... called the father of New ... The territory from North ... to Nova Scotia and the set... along the St. Lawrence ... was the territory called New ... On account of later settle... on the Mississippi the whole ... embraced by this great ... was called New France or ..., for Louis XIV of France. ... the Louisiana Purchase ... during Jefferson's administra...

... father was in the Civil war, ... Company G of the 174th ... Infantry and an uncle died in ... prison. He was in the ... Volunteer Infantry. My ... dropped out of the ranks of ... at the age of 62. ... pathetic to see the ... ranks of the G. A. R. from ... until at last the rem... of feeble men, no longer able ... conveyed in autos to ... day services. Many of ... doubtless remember a ... in a magazine a ... showing an old sol... able to march with his ... sitting attended by a ... watching his gray... march by. His thin ... as he gives the salute. ... the picture is, "The ... is Willing but the ...

... American thrills at the ... flag and admires the ... of the defenders of ... Aunt Florence.

TO MAKE SCRAPBOOK.

I want to thank the person who ... "The Gates Ajar." ... wants to know how to ... scrapbook of poems. The ... is to have good paste, ... not good as it warps ... the paper to crack. I ... with paste of flour and ... Into this I put a tea... mucilage or one-half ... of gum Arabic dissolved ... water to each one-half pint ... This makes the paste ... keeps it from getting sour. ... Instead of flour makes ... paste but it does not ... stick as well. ... You can buy a scrapbook or you can use an old book. If you use the latter about half the pages should be removed so there will be room for the clippings. My scrapbook is an old account book with 500 pages. I have used it for two years and there is room left for the poems I save.

I have a herbarium which I began when I was studying botany in school. It contains all kinds of flowers with their botanical names. It contains prairie flowers from Texas, some laurel and clover from the Vanderbilt estate in North Carolina and an ivy leaf and blue myrtle which I picked from Washington's tomb at Mt. Vernon.

Friends have sent me rose and seaweed from California, orange blossoms from Florida, magnolia from South Carolina, a rose from Scotland, shamrock from Ireland, daisies from Palestine, a bluebell from the unknown soldier's grave in France, a poppy from Flanders and an edelweiss from the Swiss Alps.

I also have a few heirlooms in my possession which I prize highly. One is my great-grandmother's clock, which is over 100 years old. I also have her china sugar bowl made into a rose jar, a large glass sauce dish and individual sauce plates and many other things.

My mother, who is 96 years old, and lives with me, has two wooden seated chairs, a rocker and a leaf table, which she had when she began housekeeping 78 years ago. She also has a few of her first set of dishes, which are blue and white and are decorated with a country scene.

I have a rag carpet on the floor of my treasure room and woven silk curtains at the doorway. The room contains pictures of Evangeline, Priscilla Alden, John and Priscilla as they stood on the shore watching the Mayflower depart for England and pictures from Texas and North Carolina.—Mary A. Griffith, N. Y.

A SHORT VISIT.

I hope you have time to listen to noisy me. It has been a year since I uttered a word in behalf of myself. We have had many changes since then. We built a new kitchen with water in the house, our boy fell down the hay chute and was in the hospital a month and didn't walk for three months and this spring we had a precious baby girl enter our home. We have two boys, one 3 and one nearly 2 years old. We are happy with our little family.

I think little children and babies are one of the most precious blessings of life. I have five brothers and four sisters, all living. Four of us are married. My parents have 13 grandchildren, the oldest being 12 years old.

This last week is the first real warm weather we have had this year. Everything has been delayed on the farm. One afternoon we took an auto ride of 16 miles up to Mount Lake, a shady lake on top of a mountain. There were many cars and quite a crowd, including some bathers.

I don't like to see the girls run around on the shore as they do and play games to show off their bathing suits which do not cover very much of their bodies. One girl's suit was not even short enough as she had to keep rolling it from the bottom. She was pitching quoits, a game that doesn't need a bathing suit.

The rest of the family went out in a boat and my little 3-year-old boy said, "Richard didn't handle the brooms right." He meant the oars. I must get busy with washing now as this is Monday morning. I have such large washings I must hustle.—Midget of Pa.

To Keep Wool White

As soon as a white wool dress or suit is taken off, rub over it lightly, wherever even slightly soiled, with unscented white talcum powder and do not brush off until just before putting it on again. This will keep the garment clean indefinitely. Talcum can be bought in bulk very cheaply.

Child-birth

Is explained in wonderful Book sent free to all Expectant Mothers

MAKE the months of expectancy easier, freer from tension and pain; and make the birth of your child a happy event, free from any fear or apprehension, by using "Mother's Friend," the *external* application remedy for expectant mothers, *known* and *used* by three generations of mothers.

Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., B-A 17, Atlanta, Ga., for wonderful *free* booklet (sent in plain envelope) containing information every expectant mother should have. "Mother's Friend" is sold by all good drug stores—*everywhere.*

Jimmy's Letters

Dear Cousins:

The big question in our family which we are discussing like the cousins discuss bobbed hair and flappers is how to get rid of Aunt Dora and Uncle Tom who hasn't no job and don't want none. Papa says he wouldn't mind Aunt Dora cause he got used to her before she was married but he ain't going to support no lazy husband of hers. He said getting rid of them was like trying to tell a bobbed hair girl that a girl with long hair had a right to her opinion or telling a long-haired one that a bobbed one had a right to hers.

For the first time in a long time Mamma agreed with Papa when he said these words. After agreeing they sat a long time thinking and they was thinking so hard I couldn't make a noise cause I wanted to hear them think. Finally Papa gets an idea and he smiles and Mamma asked him if he was going crazy. Papa said he wasn't but was going on a vacation. Mamma said if he was she was cause she promised to go wherever he went when she married him. Papa said that would be all right with him. Mamma told him of course it would and she had known that a long time.

I wondered if I was to go along when the next words stop my wondering cause they told me I was. Papa explained how we all needed a rest and so he and Mamma decided right then to go on a vacation for two weeks anyway and close up the house and when they come back maybe Aunt Dora and Uncle Tom would be gone away so long they would forget all about us. Papa wondered how Mamma could make plans against a member of her family like Aunt Dora was but Mamma said Aunt Dora might be her sister but she made her tired.

That night when Uncle Tom came in after resting his feet on the porch railing for eight hours Papa told him that we was all going away on a vacation and that the house would be closed and Aunt Dora and he would have to go somewhere else. Uncle Tom asked him where we was going and Papa said that was a secret. So Aunt Dora asked Mamma and she said the same thing. Aunt Dora began to cry then and Papa looked worried, thinking Mamma might invite her along but Mamma looked like she does at me when she is about to give me a whipping, and didn't say nothing and Aunt Dora soon stopped crying.

I am glad Aunt Dora and Uncle Tom came here cause we get a vacation out of it and I'll tell you more about it later when Mamma and Papa finally get agreed on their plans which is a hard job.—Jimmy.

Mixing With Martha

Ham Fritters.

Two cups fresh bread crumbs, 2 cups chopped boiled ham, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon soda, salt and pepper to taste, flour. Mix the ingredients well together with flour to make a batter that can be dropped from a spoon. Drop by tablespoon into hot fat and fry a delicate brown. Serve hot.

Salmon Supper Dish.

One can salmon, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 quart milk, 1 pint sliced potatoes, ½ cup sliced onions, 3 tablespoons flour, little pepper. Remove the bones from the salmon and flake fine; fry the onions in the fat, then add potatoes, with a little water, and cook 15 minutes. Add seasoning, salmon and milk; bring to boiling point and thicken with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little milk.

Finnan Haddie au Gratin.

A smoked haddock weighing 2 pounds. Soak in cold water 2 hours, cover with plenty fresh cold water, bring to a boil, drain well, remove skin and bone; flake meat in large pieces; put into a baking dish. Make a cream sauce, using a tablespoon butter, melted, and 2 tablespoons flour dissolved in it; add slowly 2 cups milk. Cook until thick, season to taste; stir in a tablespoon of grated cheese. Pour sauce over fish, using a fork to mix in well together; sprinkle grated cheese on top, bits of butter; bake until well browned.

What Others Say

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the water of life is faith.—Jameson.

The world is held back from true progress not so much by the badness of bad men, as by the obstinacy of good men who have stopped growing.—Anon.

God marks how long this human life shall be.
How grandly broad with reach of sympathy.
How high toward heaven its growth
—He leaves to thee!—Aldis Dunbar.

It takes live fish to swim up stream.—Old Proverb.

Every noble crown is, and on earth ever will be, a crown of thorns.—Carlyle.

Were man but constant, he were perfect: that one error fills him with faults.—Shakespeare.

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

Try baking young roasting chickens with parsnips.

Add a few raisins to the chestnut stuffing for turkey.

A luxurious delicacy indeed is the turkey basted with cream.

Serve peas in a depression made in a mound of hot mashed potatoes.

Spiced cranberry butter is very good. Use cinnamon, clove and ginger.

Hot or "cole" slaw is an appropriate side dish with fried or baked fish.

Line buttered ramekins with whole pimentos, fill with a well-seasoned cheese mixture, bake and garnish with crisp bacon.

The disagreeable odor from rendering fat may be avoided if the kettle containing the fat is placed in the oven. Start the fat on the top of the stove and when heated through, place it in a moderate oven until finished.

Will Be Co-Ed at 14

Loretta Delaney

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

SYRACUSE university is to have a candidate in the fall for the honors as the youngest co-ed in the country. She is Loretta Delaney, 14, of Skaneateles, N. Y., the youngest of eight sisters, all of whom are school teachers.

BOYS AND GIRLS

WRITING A LETTER.

My first letter escaped the ogre, W. B., so here I am bothering you with my chatter again. I hope none of the cousins mistake me for a flapper because I said the world and young people today are no worse than they ever have been. I am exactly the opposite of a flapper, being bashful and quiet, but I am no pessimist. I think "pestimist" would be a better word for one who continually sees the worst side of things.

I want to tell what I think makes letter writing interesting and easy. Many times I have heard someone remark that if they just had that letter answered they would give anything. I think this is the wrong attitude and know the letter is sure to be dry and uninteresting. Do not put off answering a letter so long that it becomes a dread. Sit down in a few days after receiving a letter and make your reply.

Study your friend carefully so you will know what interests him and then note down and remember all the incidents about which he would like to hear. Tell them as if that friend were present and you were talking to him. Of course you will remember to answer all questions that have been asked. I think this is a duty one owes to a friend. Many times it is neglected.

Never write in a letter anything you would be ashamed for others besides your friend to see. Letters are not always destroyed and what you have written may at some time place you in an embarrassing and uncomfortable position. Do not start every sentence with "I." Your friend, if a true one, is naturally interested in you and your activities, but does not care to read your autobiography. Never write a letter when feeling cross or blue. You would be surprised how whining and discontented such a letter sounds. Always make your letter cheerful and you will find that your friend appreciates it and will leave a good impression of you with others.—Cootie of Ohio.

DON'T BLAME TEACHER.

This is the first time I have written so I hope I won't be left out. You are the one who caused me to write, Wild Lily of the Valley. Do you really think George Washington is the father of the constitution? I don't. Washington is the father of this country and James Madison is the father of the constitution.

How many of you cousins who go to school blame the teacher for the punishment she gives you? I don't, but some do. One of the pupils will begin flipping paper wads and when he thinks the teacher will see him begins to study hard. She finds out who flipped the wads and whips him. Then he goes home and says the teacher whipped him for nothing. Cheating is another bad thing that should be prohibited in school.

I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade. I walk four miles to school. The people of Virginia must be asleep as there are only a few letters from there. I was asleep until I read Wild Lily's letter.—Justa Flower of Va.

CALLS FOR HOOSHERS.

Will you please admit a newcomer? I'm just a wee bit timid so please don't make much noise while I talk. If Mr. W. B. sees me I am sure he will devour me, so cousins, please stand in front of him so he can't see me.

I wonder where all the Hoosier boys and girls are? I seldom see a letter from this good, old state. Hoosiers, let's show the cousins what we can do. Even if our governor is in the penitentiary let's show them that we can do right.

Where are all the oldtime writers such as Canadian Cowgirl, Blooming Prairie Rose, Redwing, Fred Sleath and Bachelor Billy? Come on, oldtimers, your letters were interesting. As the weather is warm I must get outside and get some fresh air, so goodbye.—Bill's Blue-eyed Lassie of Ind.

ABHORS GOATS.

I am a West Virginia girl and have been a reader of this paper ever since I learned to read. I always read this page first when I get the paper. I like Jimmy's letters except the way he says his papa and mamma quarrel. If mine quarreled that way I would be very much displeased about it but mine don't do it.

Come again, Pink Rambler, I agree with you that girls of 15 should think more of getting an education than of going with boys. I am 16 and don't go with boys very often. I attend school and am trying to get an education.

This is my first letter and I hope to see it in print. Where is Uncle George? I wish he would write again as I like his letters. I live on a farm and take care of the sheep, cows and chickens. I don't like goats because I can't stand the smell.—Black-eyed Susie.

TELL HER QUICK

I am back again after being gone so long I don't even know what subject you cousins are discussing. I hope it isn't the flapper question as I am getting very tired of that. Sometimes I am afraid to look in the paper as there is always something about them. I wonder what we could talk about besides flappers. I am afraid to bring up a new question because you cousins probably won't agree with me.

Postage Stamp and Redwing, where are you? And there is West Virginia Miner who has disappeared. I will not scold him for maybe W. B. swallowed him. I better not talk so smart or he may swallow me. W. B., I bet you didn't know I was the little girl who promised you that big pie.

Will one of you cousins please tell me what relation my grandfather's son would be to me if he wasn't my uncle? I guess I better start for home now as it is supper time and I always have an appetite for fried chicken whether I have it to eat or not.—B. G. L. of W. Va.

An Oven Test

If you are a new cook and doubtful as to the correct temperature for baking, try this method of testing. Before placing the cake in the oven put a pinch of flour in the bottom of the oven. If it turns a dirty yellow the oven is too cool; if it turns black the oven is too hot; but if it turns a bright golden brown the oven is at the right heat.

Sweater Mending

Should the elbows of your sweater begin to wear, don't wait until a hole appears, but with a large needle and yarn of the same shade follow the knitted thread back and forth until the thin place is reinforced. It will probably add months to the wear of your sweater.

Chat With Cousins

At times 10 years seems a long period and at other times it seems very short. When a man has 10 years in which to pay for his home it seems that the time will never come when he can call the home really his own. Ten years is eternity then. On the other hand a decade seems to be a short period of time when we recall that just 10 years ago Europe was plunged into its greatest war.

The war seems recent to most of us who watched the world's history being made, yet the first actual fighting took place 10 years ago on July 30 when the Austrians and Serbians began killing each other. It was only 10 years ago when the kaiser demanded that the czar of Russia explain the mobilization of 1,200,000 troops. The kaiser was then at the height of his power and aspired to greater heights. Now he is an exile in Holland, an old man shorn of his might and hated the world over. At that time Nicholas of Russia was a powerful despot. Now he lies in an unknown grave, the victim of revolutionists who stripped him of his power and his throne. Ten years seems short but much can happen in that time.

Ten years ago American tourists in Vienna and other south European points were fleeing toward Paris and London, feeling for the first time what it means to be a refugee. Now they travel to Europe in hordes to view the fields where the youth of many nations laid down their lives for their countries.

As we look back and recall what changes have been made, what history has been created in the last 10 years, we cannot help but wonder what the next decade has in store for us. We may wonder but we will never know until it is time and it is better that we do not know now.

Ten years ago we never thought our own country would be engaged in the war that was just beginning. We had no idea that millions of our boys would don the khaki and cross the broad ocean to fight on foreign battlefields, many of them never to return.

An unknown soldier lies buried in Arlington cemetery. His funeral was impressive and an entire nation paused in its daily tasks to do honor to this boy who died for us. Ten years ago he was one of us, a carefree, laughing youth. Ten years is a short time but it is a long time, too.

Whatever your job is do it well. Bank president or day laborer, you are not a success in life unless your work is done well. Everyone of us has a niche in life to fill and it behooves us to fill it to the best of our ability. It pays to do your work whether you are the boss of thousands of workers or whether you make a living gathering old bottles and selling them. The man who collects the bottles surely has a feeling of satisfaction after a day during which he fills his wagon. He has done his work well and has a right to be satisfied.

We have news for the cousins this week, good news, we hope. One of the oldtimers announces that he is going to make us a visit soon. It is none other than Lone Traveler. He has made a solemn promise in writing that he will furnish the cousins with a letter within a short time. Lone Traveler says that he has kept in touch with the Household family at all times and wonders what has become of Keystone Lassie and others. Keystone Lassie, won't you promise to return to the fold soon, especially since Lone Traveler is going to set the good example.

Peggy of Pa., as a newcomer, we welcome you to the circle. Peggy bets Smile-Hidden Troubles comes from Pennsylvania. We allow that kind of betting on this page, Peggy. Peggy says we don't appreciate our loved ones until it is too late. She didn't realize what her mother meant to her until she lost her eight years ago, but has realized it ever since. That's the way with most of us, Peggy. We shouldn't be that way but we are just the same. This world needs appreciation more than anything else.

Aunt Martha is going away soon to take a short vacation and has been grinding away getting enough copy ahead so that the page can be printed just the same as usual. She expects to get a little rest at some quiet lake so that when she comes back and finds a stack of mail a mile or two high she will be in condition to tackle it. She is going to tie Mr. W. B. by hands and feet and throw him in a dark closet while she is gone. Probably he'll be starved to death when she returns and won't be able to bother the writers any more. Of course he has a strong constitution and may be able to withstand the fasting.

From Blanket to Quilt

When the blankets begin to wear and are more or less unsightly, put one over the other, cover with a dainty sateen and tuft here and there. You will enjoy this pretty and warm quilt.

ABOUT FIRELESS COOKERS

How can the fireless cooker cook? That is the riddle the average shopper asks the hardware man when she first contemplates supplementing her oil stove with a fireless cooker. And it is true that unless she understands the principle by which the fireless cooker operates, the housewife never can know the essentials for which she should look in selecting one.

The basic principle of a fireless cooker is retention of heat by insulation—the surrounding of the walls with materials that will not conduct heat materials, which, in a refrigerator, shut heat out, and, in a fireless cooker, shut it in. It is not literally true that the "fireless cooker, cooks without fire," for heat must be first applied on the stove, and the cooking is finished without further heat because the cooker retains that which has already been applied. The insulating materials used are usually mineral wool, cork, asbestos and excelsior, all poor heat conductors.

The parts of the cooker, besides these insulating layers, are the padding or covering for that material; the outside box; the cooking utensils, made with close-fitting covers; and the heating stones or metal disks.

The box, which contains one or more air-tight compartments, may be either of wood or of metal, but the best ones are almost always lined with aluminum, or possibly with nickeled copper. At any rate, the lining material must be rust-proof, since it will be continually exposed to moisture; and it must be cleaned easily. The box should be well made and tightly jointed.

Cooking utensils are most satisfactory when made of aluminum, since aluminum is excellent to store up heat. They should be smooth and seamless, and their covers should be tightly fitted on with clamps to hold them down. You can get the utensils in sets, of such a size that two or three of the vessels fit into a compartment, so that you can cook several kinds of food at a time. The heating stones or "radiators" will retain heat best if they are made of soapstones, though tests have proved that the metal radiators are capable of holding enough heat for all cooking purposes.

See that the cooker you buy either has a vent valve to let excess steam escape or that the cover is so constructed that the steam can get out that way. With such a cooker, you need have no fear of explosion from steam. Your fireless cooker means economy of food, time and energy, but it is primarily a fuel saver.

POETS' CORNER

"And a Child Shall Lead Them"

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I thought, on our marriage morning,
That never a cloud would rise
To mar the brightness and beauty
That gladdened earth and skies;
Never a minor cadence be heard in
the blithe, sweet strain
Of the song that love was singing to
the wedding bells' refrain.

In our little home under the roses we
took up the tasks of life,
And love was our guest, and he
strengthened the heart of each
for the strife
By his tender and thoughtful counsel
that brought to the time of
need
Such boon as the sun and the showers bring to the quickening
seed.

When the little one came to brighten
our home with its winsome
face
I fancied that heaven must be lacking the charm that was round
the place.
The sound of its mirth and prattle
made music all the day,
And never a shadow gathered that it
could not laugh away.

God knows—and God knows only!—
how I loved that little child.
It was like a glimpse of heaven when
he looked at me and smiled.
And ever and ever, whenever I kissed
the baby's eyes,
I whispered a "Thank thee, Father,"
for this gift from Paradise.

But one day the sweet blue blossoms
of the baby eyes were missed,
And the heavy lids that hid them
lifted not when they were
kissed,
And the house was oh, so silent! for
no pattering feet were heard,
And no echo in the shadows by the
baby's voice was stirred.

In the lonesome time of midnight
God's messenger-angel came
And bending over the cradle, spoke
softly the baby's name.
Then the little hands were lifted, the
blue eyes opened wide,
And into the face of the angel the
baby smiled—and died.

We made him a grave in the garden
under the lilac trees,
Where he loved to play and prattle,
and hear the hum of the bees.
When we went back o'er the threshhold home was a desolate place,
For the shadow of death had hidden
the sunshine of baby's face.

So sad was the hearthstone after the
baby had gone away
That I tried to lose my sorrow in
hard work, day by day.
I fancied the baby's mother was glad
to be left alone,
And, craving the bread of loving
words, she was answered with
a stone.

So it was that I, unknowing the need
of a stricken heart
For love's balm in time of trouble,
broke the bonds of love apart,
She thought me cold, unloving, and
never once thought I
That a heart might break in silence,
and so the days went by.

Now as I look back over that sorrowful year of life
I see the mistakes that made it a
time of stress and strife.
God help our human blindness—God
pity the heart that aches
When it knows—too late!—the sorrow that comes of its sad mistakes.

Like a rill that at first is so narrow
that a step might turn it aside
But grows to become a river, mighty,
and deep, and wide.
So the trouble grew till our pathways were parted by the
stream,
And the love we had pledged each
other was a half-remembered
dream.

At last the storm broke fiercely, I
know not how it came,
It may have been a fretful frown was
like wind that fanned the
flame.
It may have been that a harsh word
kindled into a blaze
The smoldering fire of the passion
that grew in those evil days.

Oh, words in hot anger spoken! They
cut our hearts like steel,
But we forgot, in our passion, that
human hearts can feel.
Forgot—may God forgive us!—the
grave on summer green,
Where the link in the broken love-chain lay in the lilac roots
between.

I never knew how it happened, or
which one shaped the plan,
It formed itself, I fancy, as the
things of evil can,
But we said that day, to each other,
henceforth we would live apart,
For love could tarry no longer as
guest in home or heart.

So it was that the night before
Christmas Mary and I agreed
To seek separate ways on the morrow, and wherever those ways
might lead
We would strive to forget each
other and heal the wounds of
the heart
By the ashes of love that deaden the
pain and its cruel smart.

I stood in the lonesome twilight and
looked down the garden way
Towards the little grave in the lilacs
where the moon's white glory
lay,
And I saw, kneeling down beside it,
her face with tears all wet,
The mother whose heart was aching
with the love it could not forget.

I know not what impulse moved me
to go to the little grave,
I think that one of God's angels,
sent earthward to help and
save,
Laid its hand on my heart that moment, and lo! its anger fled,
And towards the grave in the lilacs I
went softly, angel-led.

I heard the sound of her sobbing as I
came near the place,
And I paused, apart in the shadow,
with a rain of tears on my
face,
And I heard her wailing, crying, "Oh,
little one, how can I go
And leave you here—and leave you
here, I loved you, loved you so!

"In all the world, my baby, this is
the only spot—
Your little grave—that I care to
keep, and I can claim it not.
Your father has turned me from his
heart, and I may not even keep
For my own the place where my little one lies under the grass
asleep!"

Almost before I knew it I knelt by
the little one's bed,
And I stretched my arms across it,
and wild, swift words were
said.
"Forgive, oh, forgive!" I pleaded,
"here by the baby's grave
Let us promise to love each other.
Forgive as Christ forgave!"

I held my arms out toward her, I
whispered, "Mary, come!"
And Love swung wide the heart's
closed door, crying softly,
"Welcome Home!"
And across the grave of our baby
she crept to my arms again,
And I know the little one smiled in
sleep, and dreamed of his
mother then!

As I held her close to my bosom, and
kissed her tears away,
Suddenly out of the silence the bells
began to play—
The bells of the Christmas morning,
that sang of a Saviour's birth,
And peace was the music's burden,
"Be Peace, be Peace on earth!"

"Be peace between us, my husband,"
she whispered with a kiss
"There was a Bethlehem Christ-child,
but oh! be sure of this—
Our little Christ-child this moment
swings the door of his grave
apart,
And reaches his little hands upward
to hold us heart to heart."

And so, on that Christmas morning,
we put the past away,
And Love came back to the hearthstone, and there he dwells today.
And we love to think, as we stand by
the grave of the babe no sin
defiled,
That into the beautiful Land of Peace
we were led by a little child.

Grandmother's Sunbonnet

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Among the relics I treasure today
Is a bonnet whose beauties have
vanished away;
To me of a past that is holy it
sings,
As softly my fingers now play with
its strings;
I know that within it lay many a
curl,
I know that it framed the sweet
face of a girl;
Aye, dearer to me than your treasures a score
Is the faded sunbonnet my grandmother wore.

You search it in vain for a shadow
of lace,
It needed no ribbons to lend it a
grace;
Its plainness, I wot, will encourage
a smile,
But simple sunbonnets just then
were "the style;"
They wore them to weddings, for
that was the rule,
They wore them to meetings, they
wore them to school,
And many a maiden whose troubles
are o'er
Praised the sunbonnet my grandmother wore.

She blushingly wore it the beautiful
day
When she stood at the altar with
Grandfather Gray,
When after the work of the parson
was done,
She felt the soft lips of the man she
had won;
He thought that her eyes got a
lovelier shine,
He thought that her face had a
color divine—
A light and a color never noticed before,
Beneath the sunbonnet my grandmother wore.

Around this old bonnet what memories throng!
A courting, a wedding, a low cradle
song,
The laughter of children that came
with the years,
The face of a matron, the glitter of
tears;
She loved, and she trusted, she
learned to endure,
For hers was a life that was simple
and pure,
And sweet recollection a face doth
restore
To the faded sunbonnet my grandmother wore.

You laugh at my whim, and you say
it is old;
Away with your treasures of silver
and gold,
I envy you not proofs of riches and
race,
Nor covet your heirlooms of satin
and lace;
The treasure I worship is dearer by
far
Than tributes ancestral and trophies
of war;
It tells of the past with its love
and its lore—
The cherished sunbonnet my grandmother wore!

A Happy Woman's Prayer on Thanksgiving

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

"Dear God there is so much of pain
and sadness,
Upon this earth, it almost seems
that I
Must have more than my share of
joy and gladness,
The days are all too full as they
pass by.

"The little things—my baby's soft
hand lying
Like crumpled rose leaves, tossed
upon my breast,
Yet other Mothers' hearts like mine,
are crying
Sad hearts—unsatisfied, perhaps
unguessed.

"And other women sit alone in sorrow,
While there is One who walks with
me whose care
Paints in warm colors every new tomorrow,
Whose love is just as certain as
the air!

"The simple duties that I have,
The sewing, the dusting, the dainty
cakes I bake,
Leave me no time to feel that youth
is going,
I have so much to give, so much
to take.

"Take just a little of my boundless
measure,
Take just a bit, for I am selfish
Lord,
And place it as you would a priceless
treasure
In some poor woman's heart where
pain is stored.

"And let her feel the love that is my
blessing,
And let her feel my comfort and
my peace,
And let her feel my baby's wee head
pressing
Down on her shoulder, let her
know release.

"For one fair moment from the
doubts that taunt her,
One moment drive her loneliness
away,
Let her forget the memories that
haunt her,
This is my prayer upon Thanksgiving Day."

BEFORE TWINS WERE BORN

Was Very Miserable. Felt Lots Better After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wyocena, Wis.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before my twins were born because my sister used it and recommended it to me. I was so I could scarcely go about my daily work I was in such misery. But after I began taking these doses on bottle I was feeling lots better. I took three bottles and a half before I was confined and finished the bottle while I was in bed. I got up feeling fine and have taken care of the twins alone ever since. I recommend the Vegetable Compound highly and will sing its praises in the future."—Mrs. Ida Gerbitz, Wyocena, Wis.

It is remarkable how many cases have been reported similar to this one. Many mothers are left in a weakened and run-down condition after childbirth, and for such mothers the care of the baby is well-nigh impossible. Not only is it hard for the mother, but the child itself will indirectly suffer.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent tonic for the mother both before and after childbirth. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and can be taken in safety by nursing mothers.

THE GIRL A HORSE AND A DOG

By FRANCIS LYNDE
(Copyright, 1924, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Continued From Last Week.

Here Daddy Hiram flagged the procession down, and asked me to keep the pony out of the way while he did a bit of sleuth work. After he had gone over the ground at the intersection of the old trail and the road half a dozen times with his body bent and his eyes on the roadway, he told me what he was trying to find out—and what he had found out.

"They rid together this far—Jeanie and that skunk," he said, "and when they got here, Jeanie branched off on the old trail and Bullerton went on down towards 'Tropia."

"How do you know?" I demanded.

"It's as plain as the nose on your face. There's the two sets o' hawss-track a-comin' down the road, and part o' the time one of 'em's stepping on the other, and part of the time t'other's steppin' on the one. Couldn't be that-away less'n they was comin' along together; first one ahead, and then t'other. What's a-puzzlin' me is that there's another set o'tracks goin' up the hill. And they look right fresh."

With a chance for breakfast now no more than a mile or a mile and a half ahead, I thought we might ignore these extraneous tracks which pointed in the opposite direction, so we went on. As we were passing the place where I had climbed out of the deep gulch in the dusk of a memorable evening to be met by the girl, a horse and a dog, Daddy stopped again and pointed down into the depths of the great canyon-like ravine.

"What-all might them fellers be down yonder?" he queried; "hoboes?"

What he saw and what I saw after he had called my attention, was a campfire, with ten or a dozen men around it, some sprawling on the ground, others busying themselves about the fire as if they were cooking breakfast.

"Weary Willies, I should say; yes," I answered; "though what they are doing so far away from a railroad, I can't imagine. Here's hoping they don't come up to the Cinnabar and strike us for a hand-out; there are too many of 'em."

"Durn!" said Daddy, using his strongest expletive; "these here woods is gettin' to be too blame' full o' queer things! Let's mog along."

The sun was just beginning to gild the upper heights of Old Cinnabar when we trailed over the broad plateau bench below the mine and headed for the slope that led up to the dump head. As we topped this last small hill there was an amazing surprise awaiting us—a surprise and a shock. On the level spot which served as a dooryard for the Twombly cabin stood a horse, saddled and bridled, its drooped ears and hanging head showing that it had been ridden far and hard. And on the cabin doorstep, sitting at ease and calmly chewing a half-burned cigar, was—Bullerton!

XIV

A Battle and a Siege

It was Daddy Hiram who made the first break. "Charley Bullerton, where's my daughter?" he rapped out, hurling the question at the loafer on our doorstep in a sort of deadly rage that you wouldn't have thought possible in so mild-mannered a man.

"You needn't worry about her," was the cool response. "Didn't you get the note she left for you, saying that you needn't?" Then, as if he had just seen and recognized me: "Hello, Broughton; we've missed a day, but I'll give you the benefit of it and not dock you. Are you selling the old water-logged Cinnabar for twenty thousand dollars this fine morning? It'll probably save you more or less trouble if you are."

He didn't get the kind of answer he wanted; or any kind relating to the mine. Unbuckling Jeanie's gun and handing it to Daddy Hiram, I walked across to where he was sitting, keeping a wary eye on the hand which would have to be the one to go after the weapon he had once showed me hanging under his left arm-pit.

"Mr. Twombly has just asked you where his daughter is, and you haven't told him," I gritted. "You've got about ten seconds in which to tell him all you know, and after you've done it, I'm going to trim you!"

He had scrambled to his feet when he saw me coming, and, just as I expected, that watched right hand flicked suddenly under his coat. At that I rushed him and we mixed it promptly. I got hold of the gun hand before it got to the pistol butt, and at the clinch we were all over the place, each grappling for the underhold, and neither of us paying much attention to the rules, Marquis of Queensberry or other.

As it happened, I had dabbled a good bit in sports in my university days, and had once gone to the mat with a rather famous Japanese wrestler who, in return for the way in which I had let him wallop me around for the edification of a gymful of undergraduates, had taught me a few of the little brown men's tricks for getting away with an adversary too big to be handled otherwise. Bullerton was a heavyweight; he had probably fifteen pounds the advantage of me in that direction; but after I had got the thumb of my free hand upon a certain spot of his neck, it was all over but the funeral.

Jehu! how he swore when I crumpled him, and took his gun away from him, and slammed him down on a bed of broken stone and stuck a knee into his brathing machinery. But he couldn't do anything; the thumb-jab had fixed him. His head was skewed over on one side and he couldn't straighten it. I groped around until I found that other paralyzing nerve ganglia—the one at the joint of the third vertebra.

"Now, then," I barked; "if you don't want to be crippled for life—where's the girl?"

At the touch on the fresh tender spot he yelled like a hurt baby, protesting over and over again that he didn't know.

"Listen to what he says, Daddy!" I said to the old man who stood looking on with the face of a wooden image. Then to Bullerton, who was now merely a wad of flesh gone flaccid under the torturing touch: "Tell what you know, and all you know; and tell it quick and straight!" and I gave him one more little prod on the agony nerve.

With a preliminary shriek he let it by, littles, gasping between the words and phrases like a man in the last stages of lockjaw.

"We were going to Angels—to get married," he panted. "Ah—oh—I was to meet her at Atropia—she—she was afraid to ride all the way with me—afraid—the old man—would come gunning: Oh, for God's sake, Broughton, take your thumb out of my back!—you're killing me by inches!"

"You need a little killing worse than anybody I know," I told him. "Go on; you were to overtake her at Atropia; what then?"

"I didn't see her again!" he howled. "I don't know where she went!"

I didn't believe much of what he was saying, and I think Daddy Hiram didn't, though we had proved it true up to the point where they had separated on the Atropia road. I would have gone on, making him talk some more, but the look that was creeping into the old man's eyes made me let up. As I read the look it meant that Daddy couldn't stand it to see the third-degree stunt carried to its finish, so I got up and pulled Bullerton to his feet. He was pretty badly wrecked, as I meant him to be; still couldn't straighten his neck, and stood as if one leg were about half paralyzed, as perhaps it was.

"This outfit is my property, and you've overstayed your welcome!" I snapped at him. "Climb your horse and get off the map!"

He limped over to his horse and gathered the reins and tried to put a foot into the stirrup. When I saw that he couldn't do even that much, I grabbed him and heaved him into the saddle; did this, and gave the horse a slap to set him going. I guess I shall always be able to recall the picture of that brown-bearded pirate riding across the Cinnabar dump head in the early morning sunshine, screwing his body in the saddle—because he couldn't turn the stiff-necked head by itself—to yell back at me with sizzling curses, "I'll get you!—I'll get you, yet! Damn your eyes—do you think you can make a hobbling cripple out of me and get away with it? I'll—" and then breaking it off short and kicking the ribs of his nag frantically for more speed when I made as if I were going to run after him.

Throughout this bit of belligerent by-play, which hadn't used up more than a few minutes, all told, Daddy Hiram had stood aside, as I have said, taking the part of the interested spectator. But now he was chuckling joyously.

"You're some man, Stannie!" he crowed: "I'll be josh-jingled if you ain't! Did me more good to see you make that gosh-dummed magpie eat dirt than anything that's happened to me in a month o' Sundays—it did, for a fact! I wisht you'd gave him another dig 'r two for me."

"I should have, if I hadn't thought it was going to make you keel over," I retorted. "He had it coming to him."

"Me keel over?" said the old Spartan. "If I looked that-away it was only because I was afeared you might be goin' to let him off too easy."

I laughed the kind of laugh that has no fun in it.

"We're both forgetting that he may be Jeanie's husband," I stuck in.

"That's so," he said, frowning morosely at Bullerton's why-necked figure which was just passing out of sight among the trees on the bench below. "I'm a-mistrustin' he lied, more 'r less, Stannie. His sayin' that Jeanie was afeard I'd foller 'em up with a gun . . . she knows the old daddy a heap better 'n that. Maybe she told him she was afeard. Ne' mind; I reckon we'd better rustle 'round and hunt us up somethin' to eat, so's as to have it over with. You can bet all your old clothes, son, that we hain't seen the last o' Charley Bullerton, not by a long chalk. You ricollect I told you once he'd got a man, down in one o' the camps on the Saguache? Well, it was for a heap less than what you done to him a few minutes ago. But let's go eat."

"I was hungry an hour or so ago, Daddy, but what that bird said . . . about their going off to get married . . . we know that they did go off together; I'm not so hungry as I was."

He made a gesture like that of a dog passing its paw over its eyes.

"That's a-grinain' me some, too," he admitted. "But we got a job ahead of us and I reckon we'd better sort o' hustle and get ready for it. If you'll go in and make up a cookin' fire, I'll take care o' the pinto."

I passed through the cabin to the out-kitchen and while I was kindling a fire in the stove I saw Daddy with an armful of hay and a peck measure of oats, tolling the little horse down the path back to the cabin to disappear with it in the direction of the gulch where the abandoned "Little Jeanie" claim lay. I had the coffee made and the bacon fried by the time he got back, and after we had eaten he blossomed out in an entirely new role—that of commander-in-chief.

"This is movin' day, Stannie," he announced briefly. "If you'll dig up all the chuck and canned stuff you can find and tote it over to the shaft-house, I'll fetch the blankets and the cookin' tins."

I obeyed blindly, and entirely without prejudice to a lively curiosity as to what this new move might mean. While I was emptying the kitchen and pantry the old man unearthed another rifle from the closet under the loft ladder, and with it a box of ammunition; and I observed that this second gun, like the one he carried on our pilgrimage of the night, looked as if it had been freshly oiled and rubbed up every day since it had left the factory.

"You'll have a lot of talking to do presently," I warned him. "You seem to forget that you haven't yet told me what's biting you."

"Maybe there ain't nothin' bitin' me; maybe I'm just gettin' sort o' old and skeery. But it's this-away Stannie, son; ever since your gran'paw gave me this here watchin' job, and since I heard tell how them Cripple Creek short-card artists socked it to him on this Cinnabar deal, I been lookin' for trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, most any old kind. Maybe you recollect what the old poet feller—I disremember his name—says about

'They can take, what has the power
And they can keep what can,'

and that's about the way of it in a raw minin' country like these here Eastern Timanyonis. I hain't been easy about them Cripple Creek hold-ups nary a day since your gran'paw told me to stay here and hold the fort for him."

"You thought perhaps the original owners might try to grab the property by force?"

"Well, I didn't know," he drawled. "But if you've ever noticed, Stannie, it's always most likely to rain the very day when you've left your umbrell' at home."

"But Bullerton — supposing he represents these original owners sharks—couldn't very well 'jump' the mine by himself,' I protested.

Daddy looked up at me from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Pears to me like you've got a mightly short memory, some way, Stannie. Have you done forgot that bunch o' huskies we saw campin' out in Antelope Gulch as we come along by there at daybreak this mornin'? You said yourself that it was kind-a queer to see a lot o' hoboes that far from the railroad. I didn't like the looks o' that camp much at the time; and I liked it a whole lot less after we got here and found Charley Bullerton sunnin' himself on the doorstep. Made me sort o' perk up my ears."

"Zowie!" said I. "You think that gang belongs to Bullerton?"

"You never can tell. Bullerton's been tryin' to buy you out for a song; he'd 'a' bought you this mornin' if you'd 'a' took him up for twenty thousand, because that'd probably been the easiest way out of it for him. But he ain't none too good to throw rocks if clods won't fetch you down."

It was just here that I began to see some method in the old man's madness. With my deed in his hands—in the scrap, what with my wrath about Jeanie, and the savage desire to square up with Bullerton for past-due accounts, I had totally lost sight of the theft of the deed, and of the possible chance to recover it—with this unrecorded deed in his hands, Bullerton had only to come with sufficient force and take possession of the property. I had nothing in the world to prove my right and title to it.

"But, see here, Daddy," I thrust in, "if he's got my deed, or has destroyed it, why—"

"Why he has as good a right to the Cinnabar as the next one that comes along, is what you're goin' to say. I ain't disputin' you for a minute. But afore he can have it, he's got to take it, hain't he? And we've got two mighty good li'l' pieces of artillery that says he's goin' to have one joyful old time a-takin' it; that is, if you're of the same mind that I am."

By Jove! I wanted to put my arms around the old Spartan and hug him! As I've said, there were ten or a dozen men in that bunch we'd seen in the gulch, and he was calmly proposing to stand up to them, as confidently as if it were all in the day's work.

"I get you now, Daddy," I said, "and if there's a fight coming to us, your mind is mine. We'll give them the best we've got." And then I began to let the little joy-songs sing themselves in my heart, because Jeanie was well out of the way, and if the scrap came we could fight with a free hand and not have to capitulate because we happened to have a woman with us.

By this time we had transferred all the necessities across to the shaft-house and were ready to look over our defenses. These were not so vulnerable as they might have been. The shaft-house proper, containing the hoist, the steam engine and the two certifugals, was strongly timbered, sheathed with heavy pine planking, and roofed with sheet-iron. The two doors, one opening on the dump head and the other into the blacksmith shop, were solid, battered affairs, and each had a wooden bar for fastening it on the inside. The windows—there were only two of them, both on the down-mountain side of the building—were merely square, unglazed holes left for light and ventilation, and they were high in the wall; so high that the sills were above the height of a tall man's head.

With so much for the framework of our fortress, we set to work to strengthen it as we could. In one of the out-buildings there were a number of curved sheets of boiler iron which—so Daddy informed me—had been used in the underground drifts and tunnels of the mine as shields for the miners to crawl under when the blasting was going on; these we dragged into the shaft-house and stood up around the exposed part of the walls, thus providing ourselves with a bullet-proof barricade behind which we could take shelter from rifle fire.

I'll confess I was a little dubious about the bullet-proof part of it, for the shield plates were none too thick.

"If these fellows come armed—and undoubtedly they will — what kind of guns will they have?" I asked of Daddy.

"Rifle-guns, of course, he replied.

"Yes, but what kind of rifles? If they've been thoughtful enough to provide themselves with modern, high-power guns shooting a nickled bullet, these shields won't hold 'em out."

He looked a bit incredulous.

"Sho, now; d'ye mean that, Stannie?" he queried.

"Sure I do. The regulation army rifle of today will puncture this stuff as if it were that much pasteboard. More than that, with such guns they can badly outrange us; these Winchesters we have are the old model, and their effective range isn't much over three hundred yards. With an army Springfield a man could stand off twice that distance and still make it hot for us behind these boiler-plate things."

Daddy grinned sheepishly.

"You make me feel sort o' old and out o' date, Stannie. I reckon a man can stay out in the tall timber so long that he gets to be like that old Dutchman that went to sleep and forgot to wake up for a little matter o' twenty year 'r so. I been countin' on these here iron things for breast-works ever since I first found 'em. Reckon that there Charley Bullerton outfit might have some o' them new-fangled guns you're tellin' about."

"It is quite likely. Bullerton doesn't strike me as the sort of man who would go into a fight with a club if he could get hold of a better weapon."

"All right, then; what's the answer?"

I wrestled with the problem for a moment. Then I asked how the feed for Jeanie's pony was brought up from Atropia.

"A sack at a time, on the pinto's back," was the reply.

"Good. Have you kept the sacks?"

"I reckon there's about a million of 'em over in the hawss shed."

"Good again. We'll get those sacks and fill 'em with earth and stack 'em around the walls. Then we'll have something that will stop anything short of a cannonball."

Daddy fell in with the suggestion at once and we went to work, toiling like grade laborers since we didn't know how much, or rather how little, time we might have. In a couple of hours we had our improved breastworks completed; a row of the earth-filled feed sacks stacked around the inside of the three exposed walls of the shaft-house, and the earthwork reinforced by the iron shield plates.

"I reckon that does look a heap more like it," said Daddy Hiram, surveying the completed job, and then we put our own small arsenal in shape, giving the two Winchesters a final rub-up and filling the magazines.

I thought the two old-fashioned guns and Jeanie's pistol promised a poor chance for an effective defense; but Daddy Hiram proceeded to show me that we had at least one other resource. In the mine stores left behind by the former operating company were two boxes of sixty per cent dynamite, with fuse and caps, and Daddy pointed out that there were good possibilities wrapped up in the greasy brown paper cartridges if the enemy should come close enough to let us use them.

Even as he talked, he was cutting short pieces of the fuse, capping them, and bedding the capped ends in some of the paper cartridges to make them look like miscolored giant firecrackers.

"I believe you had this all doped out in advance, Daddy," I said, when he had a neat little row of the cartridges laid out on the floor. "But surely you didn't expect to hold out alone if those sharks sent a crowd of jumpers' in to run you off?"

"Me and Jeanie," he said simply. "We'd 'a' done our level best; and the angels couldn't do no more than that."

Here, unless the old man was sadly mistaken in his daughter, was another and wholly unsuspected side of the blue-eyed maiden displayed for me. I tried to imagine Lisette helping her father, or me, or any lone man, to defend a beleaguered mine against an armed attack. It was so funny that I shouted.

"What's struck you, now?" asked Daddy, looking up from his job of cartridge-making.

"Oh, nothing much," I chuckled; "only I've been living in such an Arabian-Nights sort of world for the past few weeks that I have to pull up short and laugh at it once in a while, just to prove that I'm awake and alive and still on earth. Do you mean to say that Jeanie would shut herself up in here and load the guns for you against a mob of mine jumpers?"

He looked up with a prideful sparkle in his mild blue eyes.

"You don't half know that little girl o' mine, yet, Stannie, son," he said earnestly. And then: "She's the only boy I ever had, you see; and she hain't had any mother since she can remember. Maybe I hadn't ort to have taught her to ride hawsses and shoot, and them things; but it seemed like I had to."

"You haven't made her one iota less womanly—or lovable," I hastened to say. Then I blurted out the thing that had been weighing on me ever since we had found Bullerton loafing on the doorstep: "Do you suppose they could—is there any way they could have been married yesterday, Daddy?"

"Uh-huh; I reckon there was. They might 'a' gone on down to Angels. There's a justice o' the peace down there."

"But we decided that she took the train at Greaser Siding, and you said the westbound train doesn't stop there."

"It might 've stopped just that once: Charley Bullerton might 've telegraphed to headquarters to have it stop."

There it was again, at the same old jumping-off place. What more natural than that they should have gone to the nearest marriage-mill, and that Bullerton had left Jeanie there while he came back to give me the coup de grace, so to speak. I guess I'm not much of a scrapper; lazy men aren't, as a rule. But when I saw what Bullerton had done to me, and what he probably thought he was going to do, I was ready to reach out and shake hands with red murder or any other thing that would give me a toe-hold in the fight. One question, and one only, remained to be asked of my staunch side-partner.

"How much of this mountainside have I a legal—or rather, since I've lost my deed, I should say an ethical—right to defend, Daddy?"

"I don't rightly know the exact boundaries, but there's five or six claims, so they tell me. I reckon you got a right to romp on as much of the mountain as you can see, lookin' any which-way you like."

"That's good. Then if these jumpers come anywhere within sight of us, they'll be trespassing on my property; is that it?"

"That's about the size of it."

"All right; that's all I wanted to know."

It still lacked a full hour of noon when we got our preparations made and were ready to stand a siege. Then we waited, and waited some more; and after a while I began to grin. What if we had stampeded ourselves needlessly? After all, the men we had seen in the deep gulch might really have been tramps, and not a Bullerton army. Would the mining engineer, unprincipled as he doubtless was, go to the length of trying to dispossess us by force? The more I thought of it, the more unlikely it seemed.

"I guess maybe we were scared of a shadow, after all, Daddy," I said. "Bullerton has had time enough to bring up his army, if he has one."

"I ain't countin' much on his backin' down," was the rejoinder. "Ye see, I know Charley Bullerton of old; been knowin' him ever since he first bu'sted into the minin' game. That was over in the Saguache. He's an all-'round cuss, but he's a stayer. Besides, you roughed him up sort o' hurtful this morning', and he's got that to make him spitey. We'll be hearin' from him as soon as he gets things yanked 'round into shape to suit him.

Still, as time passed and nothing happened, it looked less and less likely that we were going to have to fight for our holding ground. I don't know to this good day what made Bullerton so slow in bringing up his army, but it was high noon, and Daddy and I were eating a cold luncheon, with the shaft-house door-sill for a seat, when we saw the army coming. It was a straggling gang of perhaps a dozen men; we couldn't count them accurately because the road on the bench wound in and out among the trees.

They came up within easy rifle shot and pitched their camp, if you could call it that, in a little glade. At that distance we could see that they were armed, but, of course, we couldn't tell what kind of guns they had. After they had taken possession of the small space, two of them set to work to build a cooking fire.

"Do I own the land down that far?" I asked of Daddy Hiram.

"You sure do," he grunted.

"All right; after the show opens up we'll try to persuade them to hunt another camping-place farther off. We haven't advertised for any neighbors, so far as I know."

"I'm a-standin' right with you," said Daddy grimly. "It's gettin' a heap too crowded up here on this mountain; been that-away ever since Charley Bullerton showed up here the first time."

At the halt in the glade one of the party—Bullerton, we guessed it was—broke a branch from a pine, stripped the twigs from it, and made it a flagstaff for his white handkerchief. Under this flag of truce he and two of his men came on, leaving their guns behind. There was a climb of about thirty feet, maybe, coming up from the bench to the ledge upon which the mine buildings stood, so we got a fairly good look at the peace party before it came within talking distance. Bullerton still had a slight touch of the wry-neck, and the devil-may-care jauntiness which had been his chief characteristic as a guest of the Twomblys had been wiped from his face and manner like a picture from a blackboard.

As the three of them topped the rise in the ore road I reached behind me and got one of the Winchesters.

"That's near enough!" I called out. "Do your talking from there, if you've anything to say."

The delegation halted and Bullerton took a paper from his pocket.

"I'm serving legal notice upon you, Broughton," he said, waving the paper at me, "and I have two witnesses here, as the law requires. I represent the Cinnabar Mining Company of Cripple Creek. You are trespassing on our property and I am making a formal demand for possession."

"So that's the new wrinkle, is it?" I laughed. "I was hoping you might spring something a little more original. How are you going to prove ownership?"

"The burden of proof isn't on us; its on you!" he ripped out. "You haven't a shadow of claim to this mine. I've got your so-called deed right here!"—and he shook that at us. "It's a forgery; a clumsy, childish forgery that wouldn't impose upon a blind man! We can send you to the rock pile on the strength of it if we want to!"

Since he had stolen the deed out of my pocket, I thought, of course, that he was just bluffing about its being a forgery. He must have known perfectly well that it wasn't. But Daddy was whispering in my ear as he sat behind me. Something like this. "Gosh-all-Friday, Stannie, he's got you goin'! He's made a copy o' the deed and throwed the 'riginal away—burnt it up, 'r somethin'!"

This seemed a very plausible solution—probable enough to bite, anyway—and one which did infinite credit to Bullerton's villainous ingenuity. If I had had any legal standing in the beginning of things, I had lost it now beyond any hope of recovery. Yet that very fact made me only the more obstinately belligerent; awakened a grinning imp of battle which—or who—might otherwise have gone on sleeping peacefully to the end of the story.

"You have it all your won way, Bullerton—or you think you have," I told him; and if I didn't get all of the self-confidence into the words that I tried to, I am persuaded that he didn't know the difference. "I might even concede that you have everything but the mine itself. If you want that, you may come and take it; but you'll permit me to say that when you break into the shaft-house there will be fewer people alive on the Cinnabar Mountain than there are at the present moment. I shall quite possibly be one of the dead ones, but before I go out I shall do my best to make you another.

"All right," he snapped back; "you're speaking for yourself, and that's your privilege. But how about you, Twombly? This is no quarrel of yours. Suppose you go over yonder to your cabin and stay out of the fight. Nobody wants to hurt you."

That put it pretty squarely up to me, too, so I turned to the old man at my side.

"It's good advice, Daddy," I said; "and this isn't your quarrel. You'd better duck while you can."

Daddy Hiram made no reply at all to me; didn't pay any attention to me. Instead, he stood up on the door-sill and shook his first at Bullerton.

"I been lookin' for you and your kind of a crowd for a year back, Charley Bullerton, and drawin' pay for doin' it!" he shrilled. "Stannie, here, says if you want this mine you can come and take it, and, by gummies, I say them same identical words!"

"All right," said Bullerton again. "But it's only fair to say that we outnumber you six to one, and we've got the law, and a few deputy sheriffs, on our side. You two haven't as much show as a cat in hell without claws, and when the circus is over, you'll both go to jail, if there's enough left of you to stand the trip." Then, as he was turning to go he flipped the deed into the air so that it fell at our feet. "You may have that," he sneered. "We'd like nothing better than to have you produce it in court."

It didn't seem just fitting to let him have the last word, so I pitched a small ultimatum of my own after him as he herded his two scoundrelly looking "witnesses" into the downward road.

"One thing more, Bullerton," I called out. "Your flag of truce holds only until you get back to your army. If you or any of your men are in sight of Cinnabar property ten minutes after you reach your camp, we open fire."

Since the truce was thus definitely ended, we retired into our fortress and put up the bars. As we were closing the doors and making everything snug I asked Daddy what kind of human timber Bullerton was likely to have in his army, and if there were any chance that his boast about having deputy sheriffs in the crowd was to be taken at its face value.

"There's nothin' to the deputy brag. Ike Beasley is the chief deputy for this end o' the county, and he'd be here himself if that was a posse commytaters down yonder. As for what he has got, there's no tellin'. Most likely he's picked up a fistful o' toughs and out-o'-works down in Angels. There's always plenty o' drift o' that kind hangin' 'round a minin' camp."

"Fighters?" I queried.

"Oh, yes; I reckon so—if fightin' comes easier than workin'."

With the doors shut and barred I climbed up on our breastwork to bring my eyes on a level with one of the high window holes. The ten-minute ultimatum interval had come to an end, but the raiders were making no move to vacate the premises. On the contrary, their cooking fire was now blazing briskly and they were apparently making leisurely preparations to eat.

To Be Continued

FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

SCHOOL will open soon and the little girl in your home will need something new to wear. She will want at least one middy dress, as they are comfortable and smart. No. 2174 ought to meet with her approval. It can be made entirely of domestic pongee or the blouse can be of tub silk or cotton broadcloth and skirt of serge or dark blue poplin. Either the young girl or the matron can wear the design shown in No. 2162. Its simplicity will appeal to the good taste. For late summer and early fall wear it can be made of flat crepe. It will also look good in twill or one of the new, fine cashmere weaves.

No. 2162—Becoming Lines—The dress pattern No. 2162 can be had in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard 18-inch contrasting. Price 15c.

No. 2167—Morning Dress—The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 4¼ yards of 36-inch material is required. Price 15c. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 700 (in blue only costs 15c extra.

No. 2174—For School Days—The pattern for this dress No. 2174 comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 2 requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch material for the blouse and 1 yard 40-inch for the skirt. Price 15c.

No. 2170—Slenderizing Model—A dress that will make one look taller and less broad is shown in illustration No. 2170. The lines are excellent ones for the stout or slight figure. Make it in a soft cotton if you desire a wash dress, and in crepe de chine if you desire a silk dress. The pattern for No. 2170 can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material. Price 15c. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 706 (in blue and yellow) costs 15c extra.

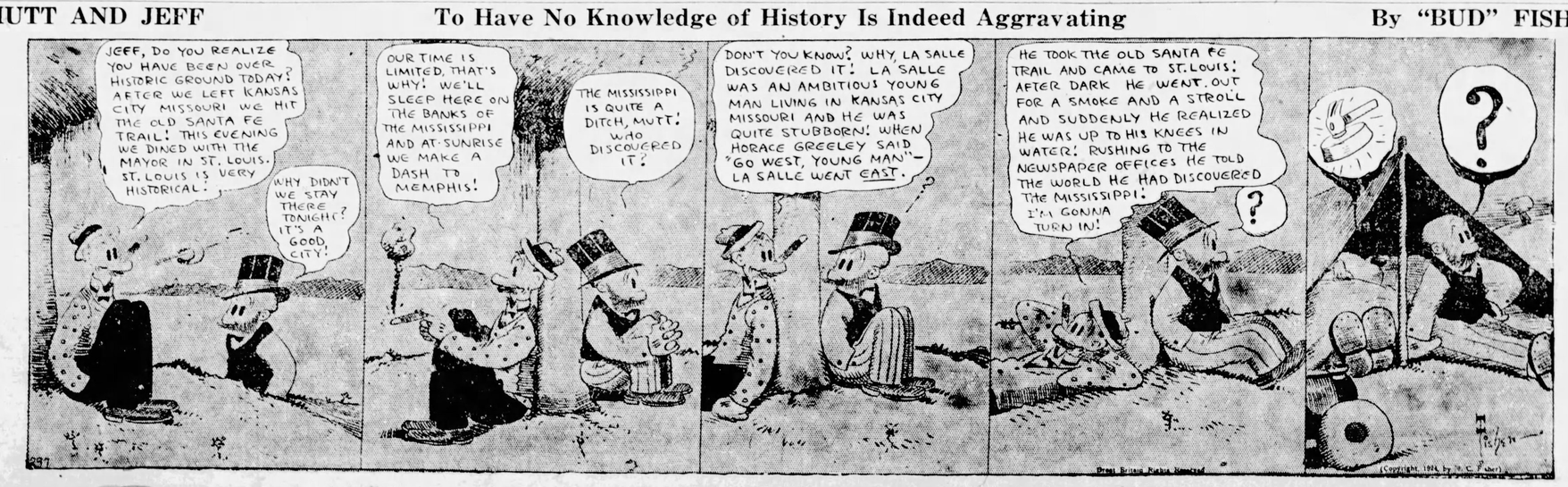
No. 2163—Good Design—The dress pattern No. 2163 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 4 yards of braid. Price 15c. The monogram motif is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 706 (in blue and yellow), which costs 15c extra.

No. 2175—For Little Girl—A little frock of plaided gingham or white linen is going to please the onlooker and the little girl herself 'specially if mother makes it from this pattern, which comes in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It is with very short sleeves that certain to be appreciated on warm days. Although, if you prefer long ones, they are provided for in the pattern. In the medium size 3 yards of 32-inch material with ¼ yard 18-inch contrasting is required. Price 15c.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

MARTHA HOLDEN BOOKS OF FASHIONS issued quarterly, 10c a copy. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade Toledo, Ohio.

MUTT AND JEFF — To Have No Knowledge of History Is Indeed Aggravating — By "BUD" FISHER


JEFF, DO YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE BEEN OVER HISTORIC GROUND TODAY? AFTER WE LEFT KANSAS CITY MISSOURI WE HIT THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL! THIS EVENING WE DINED WITH THE MAYOR IN ST. LOUIS. ST. LOUIS IS VERY HISTORICAL!
WHY DIDN'T WE STAY THERE TONIGHT? IT'S A GOOD CITY!
OUR TIME IS LIMITED, THAT'S WHY! WE'LL SLEEP HERE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND AT SUNRISE WE MAKE A DASH TO MEMPHIS!
THE MISSISSIPPI IS QUITE A DITCH, MUTT! WHO DISCOVERED IT?
DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY, LA SALLE DISCOVERED IT! LA SALLE WAS AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN LIVING IN KANSAS CITY MISSOURI AND HE WAS QUITE STUBBORN! WHEN HORACE GREELEY SAID 'GO WEST, YOUNG MAN'—LA SALLE WENT EAST.
HE TOOK THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL AND CAME TO ST. LOUIS! AFTER DARK HE WENT OUT FOR A SMOKE AND A STROLL AND SUDDENLY HE REALIZED HE WAS UP TO HIS KNEES IN WATER! RUSHING TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES HE TOLD THE WORLD HE HAD DISCOVERED THE MISSISSIPPI! I'M GONNA TURN IN!
?
?
(Copyright, 1924, by H. C. Fisher.)

Sermons by Radio Halted in Germany

Sermons and church services broadcast over the radio have been forbidden by the consistory of the Evangelical church of Prussia.

When news reached the ecclesiastical body that a pastor of Breslau had delivered such sermons with much success, but without asking permission at Berlin, the prohibitory order was decreed, and will become effective throughout all Germany.

BIG ZEPPELIN MAY SAIL FOR U. S. SEPT. 15

Inventor Says Delivery of Airship Will Climax His Life in Developing Aircraft.

International News
deliver the ZR-3
ities naval authori-
N. J., after a safe
flight across the
be the happiest man
consider my life's

International News
correspondent, Dr. Hugo
Zeppelin navigat-
and commander of
the moment he
to the United States,
his reserve and his
time.

famous for his reti-
reporter interesting
monster lying in
other side of Fried-
Germany. In a few
all the world will
shafen as the his-
flight of the ZR-3 will begin

has instructed hun-
dirigibles. He will
the great queen of the air

is that we will start
America about Sept. 15," said
course, it all depends
the weather. If necessary I will
the end of October. If we
will be unable to
this year, for it will be
the Atlantic in
the subsequent

"I am confident we will be at
before the end of
September."

Americans of Great Aid.

The reporter asked about rumors
occasional clashes between the
American officers and the Germans.
"There is absolutely nothing to
that report," said Eckner. "On the
contrary, co-operation of the Ameri-
cans and Germans has been har-
monious and cordial. The Americans
have displayed an amiable spirit and
have made many good sugges-
tions.

"When our views differed they
were always courteous and con-
siderate. When they saw we were
correct they adjusted themselves. They
are thorough experts in their re-
spective fields.

"Steadiness and security have been the dominating considerations
in building the ZR-3, which em-
bodies all our lessons and experience
gained in the last quarter of a cen-
tury. We want her good, not only
for flight across the Atlantic,
but for years in the future, when she
will handle American traffic. The
ship has been ready since last
October, except for five Maybach
motors, which are of an entirely new
design representing revolutionary
development in aircraft motor con-
struction.

Uses Ball-Bearings.

"Heretofore, the Zeps only had
motors of so-called white metal
bearings. These were unsafe for high tem-
peratures. It was imperative for us
to create a new and safer bearing.
We found the solution in rotary or
ball bearings."

Incidentally—though Eckener was
loath to talk of this and other
sensational features of improvement
the ZR-3 carries a clutch with a
reverse which can bring the monster
to a complete standstill. For in-
stance, if the ship were in a violent
storm it could be halted quickly.

Eckener made a painstaking analy-
sis of all the evidence in the mys-
terious loss of the French dirigible
Dixmude, while discussing the safety
factor. He thinks the Dixmude
drifted into foul weather and hit a
high mountain in Algiers.

Motors Are Last Word.

These epoch making motors are
the last word in construction and
the only safe ones for a transocean
flight which might take four or five
days, continued the expert. "The
motors have been tested and found
perfect. Now the airship is being
filled with 2,500,000,000 cubic feet
of gas.

"Precautions" for keeping the aircraft
rigid are of entirely new construc-
tion. They are one of the features to
be tested. The number and duration
of other trial flights depend upon
the results of the first flight, but it
probably will be a fortnight before
the great ship is ready for her 4,000
mile journey to the United States.

Public Shame Is Lot of Chinese Vandals

The park police in Tsingtao,
China, demonstrated a new and ef-
fective mode of punishment for van-
dalism recently, when two men were
caught stealing flowers.

The officers took the culprits to
the main boulevard and made them
kneel. To the prodding of police
bayonets they were made to shout to all
passers-by why they were being
punished.

For 15 minutes they were com-
pelled to shout: "I took what did not
belong to me, and promise never to
do it again," while they were made
to hold the stolen flowers aloft.

ASPIRIN

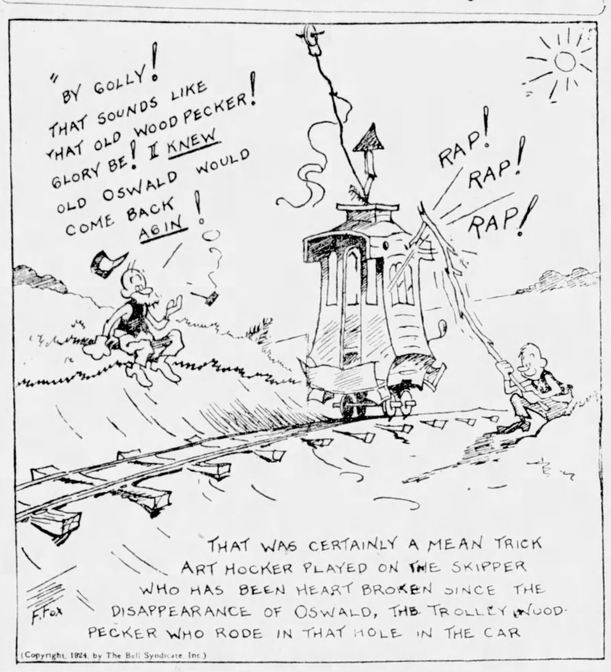
Say "Bayer" and Insist!

BAYER

Genuine

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

The Toonerville Trolley


"BY GOLLY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THAT OLD WOODPECKER! GLORY BE! I KNEW OLD OSWALD WOULD COME BACK AGIN!
RAP! RAP! RAP!
THAT WAS CERTAINLY A MEAN TRICK ART HOCKER PLAYED ON THE SKIPPER WHO HAS BEEN HEART BROKEN SINCE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF OSWALD, THE TROLLEY WOOD-PECKER WHO RODE IN THAT HOLE IN THE CAR
F. Fox
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LONDON FIRES REPLY TO GERMAN ATTACK ON RUHR QUESTION

German complaints that the London conference was another Versailles, and that the Germans yielded to force in signing the "agreement" are scored as unfounded in authoritative circles and new light is thrown on the action of Ambassador Kellogg in lining up with the Big Seven to advise the Germans not to expect better French terms for evacuation of the Ruhr.

The real history of that incident is that the Germans, soon after arriving, notified Premier Herriot what they wanted done about the Ruhr and what Herriot gave them resembles just about as closely as humanly possible what they asked.

Herriot was in London without full authority to discuss the evacuation of the Ruhr with Germany. Even some members of his cabinet were opposed to the subject coming up at all. But it was argued by the allies that the question had to be discussed, and if the conference collapsed because of her obduracy, France would lose all vestige of public confidence.

Herriot Sought Full Powers.

This decided Herriot to return to Paris to consult his cabinet and to arm himself with full powers to negotiate. Before doing so he had a meeting with Dr. Stresemann. He pointed out his position and Stresemann then told him his own predicament. For the Germans, Stresemann said the occupation of the Ruhr had become more important even than economic considerations and something had to be done. When asked to define that, he replied to the effect that the French evacuation must take place in months, not years, and at a reasonable, definite date. He certainly created an impression in Herriot's mind that "months, not years" meant about one year.

Herriot went to Paris and obtained approval for withdrawal in one year and returned. He met Stresemann again and they had an eminently satisfactory consultation, in which he promised a settlement which would be acceptable.

Versions then differ regarding what took place. The Germans say M. Loucheur arrived at this moment and stiffened Herriot's determination not to reduce the time limit of a year. Herriot's friends say Loucheur had no influence on Herriot whatsoever. He meant to promise a year, he did so and he clung to it. But to give the Germans the easiest time possible he reduced it two months by having it date from the signing of the London agreement.

Gloom Shrouds Ritz.

But despite these facts, the German delegation went into mourning and during the last three days of the conference gloom emanated from the Ritz hotel like smoke from a forest fire.

It had reached its thickest point when Ambassador Kellogg, along with the allied delegates, joined in telling the Germans that Herriot had done all he was going to do. They knew the Germans a few days before would have been satisfied with a year, and they likewise knew that Herriot could not reduce it and be safe at home.

It was not a question of the legality or ethics of the Ruhr occupation for them, but a question of getting ahead with the conference and all that was at stake. Stresemann had made his request, Herriot had met it fairly, even generously, so they told Stresemann candidly that he had nothing to gain by holding out for better terms.

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Survey Indicates Higher Coal Prices

Barring strikes or suspension of work for other causes there is no danger of a coal shortage this year, although high prices may be caused by the bidding of rival purchasers, says a report made public by the American engineering council's coal storage committee. The committee is composed of 400 engineers who have been making a nation-wide investigation of the coal situation.

Auto Cuts 40-Year Exodus to 4 Hours

A small American automobile last week in four hours did what it required the Israelites 40 years to accomplish in their exodus from Egypt to Palestine. This was crossing the Sinai desert, the wild and barren region between the Gulf of Suez and the Gulf of Akabah, a distance of about 130 miles.

DEFENSE TEST PLANS POSTED

Ohio Citizens' Part to Be Purely Voluntary, Is Latest Word.

The observance of Sept. 12 as National Defense day by the civilian population of Ohio will be voluntary, S. C. Roettinger, Cincinnati, appointed by Governor Donahey as state chairman of the Defense day program, announced recently.

"Every patriotic citizen, however, is earnestly requested to display the national colors from his or her residence and place of business and do all in their power to make the day a success," the statement continued.

National Defense day was inaugurated by President Coolidge as a demonstration to portray the nation's peace time strength. The movement has been attacked by certain church organizations in Ohio as a "warlike demonstration."

Officials promoting the movement deny the charge and point out "that instead of being a warlike demonstration, the day will be a wonderful aid to peace, and every man, woman and child in the community is urged to do his or her patriotic duty."

Officials requested that no plans be made by citizens which will interfere with business, labor or civilian pursuit.

"Units of the regular army, the national guard and the organized reserves will be called out by executive orders of the President and governor of Ohio, but this is absolutely as far as any orders will go," the statement said. Officials announced that details of observances would be left with local committees appointed by Governor Donahey.

"It has been suggested, however, that parades and patriotic gatherings be held everywhere; that the people assemble in their places of worship, and that prayers be offered for the lasting peace of our country and the world at large."

LABOR DIVISION TO AID COOLIDGE

Leaders Plan to Publish President's Record as Governor.

Under the leadership of Captain T. V. O'Connor, Buffalo, former president of the International Association of Longshoremen, a drive to place before the country the labor record of Calvin Coolidge is to be made.

Captain O'Connor, who is chairman of the United States shipping board, will have the assistance of other labor leaders who do not believe the LaFollette-Wheeler combination offers much encouragement to workers. Such men are not in sympathy with the proposal to make Labor Day an occasion for political rallies.

The O'Connor plans and the report that James P. Holland, president of the New York State Federation of Labor, has decided to part company with the A. F. of L. on the independent party issue, have caused some apprehension among the politically-inclined labor group.

The opposition of Holland is said to be due to the combine with the Socialist element in New York.

Is Socialist Ticket.

The principal arguments of the Coolidge supporters will be:

That Coolidge is entitled to labor support because of his record.

That the LaFollette - Wheeler ticket, although indorsed by the executive council of the A. F. of L., also is the Socialist ticket.

That the Republican policy of protection has provided employment at high wages to all who are willing to work.

That the Republican immigration policy is barring hordes of aliens who otherwise would flood the labor market.

That the Republican policies have stopped unemployment and furnished prosperity to all.

The friends of Coolidge recite this resolution which was adopted by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen at its triennial convention in Columbus:

"Whereas, the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, governor of Massachusett, has by his acts as a representative of the people of the great commonwealth demonstrated on all occasions his fairness and given his support to all legislation favorable to the laboring people of the state, therefore, be it

"Resolved by the second triennial convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen that the thanks of the brotherhood be extended to Calvin Coolidge for his stand in behalf of the railroad man in matters of legislation while in the house of representatives, the senate and as chief executive of the state."

Coolidge's Record.

The labor record on which Coolidge won this commendation consists of support while a member of the Massachusetts legislature of the following bills:

Anti-monopoly, injunction modification, anti-discrimination, direct senatorial election, woman suffrage, honest small coal scales, one-day's rest in seven, improved working conditions for women and children, factory surgical equipment, pensions for women and children of firemen, teachers' pensions, playgrounds, low fares for workingmen and children, full crew bill, improvement of milk handling, 48-hour bill for women and children, eliminating profiteering in rents, revision of banking laws, barbers' license bill and eight-hour day for women.

As governor, Coolidge signed the absentee voting bill, indorsed by labor, a bill requiring the equipment of trains with jacks powerful enough to raise the heaviest cars and a 48-hour bill for women and children.

Poison Gas Seen as War Menace

Poison gas holds all its old war terrors, but the bugaboo of microbes is not an imminent danger, according to the report of the League of Nations subcommittee appointed to consider the progress in chemical warfare so as to warn the world what war really means.

The committee, composed of Viscount Robert Cecil, Admiral Aubrey Smith, General De Merinis and Colonel Reguin, drafted the report but was published here last week. The report was based largely on detailed statements by leading chemical experts of the world, including Professors Andre Mayer, College of France; Angelo Angelli, Royal Institute of Florence; Jules Borget, Pasteur institute, Brussels; Walter Bradford Cannon, Harvard; Senator Paterno, University of Rome, and J. Enrique Zannetti, Columbia. They agreed that microbes were too difficult to spread and that preventives were too adequate to make bacteriological warfare a menace of the near future.

Poison gases, however, the report says, have increased from 30 known at the outbreak of the war to 1,000.

The Latest Markets

Grain

Toledo—Wheat, cash, No. 2, red, $1.26½@1.27½. Corn, cash, No. 2, yellow, $1.23@1.24; No. 3, yellow, $1.22@1.23. Oats, cash, No. 2, white (new), 53@54c; No. 3, white (new), 52@53c. Barley, cash, No. 2, 90c. Rye, cash, No. 2, 91c. Clover-seed, cash, $12.60; Oct., $13.60; Dec., $13.00. Alsike, cash, $10.10; Aug., $11.10; Oct., $10.80. Timothy, cash, $3.60; Sept., $3.75; Oct., $3.65.

Chicago — Wheat, Sept., $1.22⅜; Dec., $1.27¾; May, $1.33⅛. Corn, Sept., $1.13½; Dec., $1.05⅝; May, $1.06¾. Oats, Sept., 47⅜c; Dec., 50¾c; May, 54½c. Rye, Sept., 85c; Dec., 89⅞c; May, 95c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 42c; solid pack, 41c; nut margarine, 26@26½c.

Cheese — Fancy brick, 23@24c; Michigan, 23½@24c; Vermont, 32c; Longhorn, 24½@25c; limburger, 27@28c.

Eggs—Candled, 35c; selects, 40c.

Bacon — Fat, 16c; lean, 27½c; wide, 6 to 8 lbs., 20c; 9 to 10 lbs., 19c; 11 to 12 lbs., 18c; 13 to 15 lbs., 17c. Hams—24c. Lard—16c.

Beef—Select prime steers, 14@15c; common, 10@12c; cows, 7@8c; common, 6@7c; heifers, 10@12c; bulls, 7@8c; canners, 3@4c. Calves—Prime, 16@17c; common, 12@13c. Hogs—Light, 14@15c; heavy, 11@12c; stags, 7@8c; sows, 10@11c. Sheep and lambs—Spring lambs, pelt off, 23@25c; light sheep, 10@12c; heavy, 4@5c; yearling lambs, 14@16c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 18@20c; geese, 12@14c; turkeys, 23@25c; hens, 23@25c; light hens, 17@19c; good broilers, 28@32c; Leghorn broilers, 24@25c; roosters, 14@15c.

Hides—No. 1, 6c; No. 2, 5c; bull, 4c; green calf, No. 1, 15c; No. 2, 13½c; kip, 13c; No. 2 kip, 13½c; cured hides, No. 1, 7c; No. 2, 6c; horse hides, $3.00.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tub lots, 41@42c; extra firsts, 37@38c; packing stock, 27@28c; standard, 39@40c; prints, one cent extra. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 39c; extra firsts, 37c; Ohio firsts, 34c; western firsts, 33½c. Oleomargarine—Prices to retailers: Nut oleo, 25c; high grade, made of animal oil, 27@28c; lower grades, 20@21c. Cheese—Old York State, new, 22@23c; limburger, 24@26c; brick, 21@22c; fancy Swiss, new, 38@40c; imported, 45c. Poultry — Live, heavy fat fowls, 26@27c; medium, 26@27c; heavy springers, 30@32c; light springers, 28@29c; ducks, 20@24c; roosters, 15@16c; Leghorn fowls, 19@20c. New potatoes — Virginia No. 1 best, $2.55@2.75 a cloth top stave barrel; poorer, $2.00; North Carolina best, $2.40@2.60. Sweet potatoes, $9.50@9.75 per barrel; $3.25 a hamper.

Chicago—Butter, lower; creamery, extras, 36½c; standards, 36¼c; extra firsts, 35½@36c; firsts, 34@34½c; seconds, $32@33½c. Eggs, higher; receipts, 14,949 cases; firsts, 34@36c; ordinary firsts, 31@33c. Potatoes—Trading moderate; market about steady; receipts, 147; cars; Kansas sacked Irish Cobblers, $1.15@1.30; few, $1.35; Missouri sacked Irish Cobblers, $1.00@1.25; Kentucky sacked Irish Cobblers, $1.65@1.70; New Jersey sacked Cobblers, $1.75@1.85; bulk, $1.65; Minnesota bulk Early Ohios, $1.05@1.15; sacked, $1.10@1.20; few, $1.25; Nebraska sacked Early Ohios, $1.30@1.35; few, $1.40. Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 17@23c; springs, 26c; roosters, 15c.

New York—Butter, steady; receipts, 9,965. Eggs, firm; receipts, 13,346; Pacific coast whites, extras, 49½@50½c; do. firsts to extra firsts, 40@49c.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Cattle — Receipts, 1,200; slow and dull; choice yearlings, $9.00@9.50; fair to good, $7.00@8.00; choice handyweight butcher steers, $7.75@8.75; fair to good, $6.00@7.00; choice heavy steers, $7.25@8.25; fair to good, heavy and plain steers, $6.00@7.00; common and light butcher steers, $5.00@6.00; choice heifers, $6.25@7.25; fair to good, $4.00@5.00; choice butcher cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good, $3.50@4.00; common cows, canners and cutters, $2.00@3.00; choice handyweight bulls, $5.25@6.00; choice heavy bulls, $4.00@4.75. Calves—Receipts, 700; steady; good to choice veal calves, $11.50@12.50; fair to good, $4.00@8.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; choice, 25c lower; good to choice spring lambs, $12.50@13.50; fair to good, $7.00@9.50; good to choice sheep, $6.00@7.00; good to choice ewes, $5.00@6.00; common, $2.00@3.00. Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; steady; yorkers, $10.00; heavy and medium, $10.25; pigs and lights, $9.00; roughs, $8.00; stags, $5.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Hogs — Receipts, 50,000; uneven; steady to 10c lower; weighty butchers show minimum decline; light lights and slaughter pigs, 10c to 25c off; big packers doing little; top, $10.00; bulk good and choice 160 to 325-pound averages, $9.65@10.00; better 140 to 150-pound averages, $9.00@9.50; packing sows, $8.35@8.75; desirable strong weight killing pigs, $8.70@8.75. Cattle—Receipts, 30,000; very little done; few early sales yearlings steady to 25c lower; early top, $10.75; some light and handy weight steers held above $11.00; bidding 25c lower on matured steers; these predominating in fed steers contingents; killing quality largely medium to good; moderate sprinkling choice long fed offering both light and weighty; receipts include approximately 7,000 western grassers, largely in killer flesh; five loads string mountain averaging around 800 pounds to feeder dealers, $7.00; four loads to same outlet, $6.70@7.25; she stock comparatively scarce; slow; weak; bulls firm to 15c higher; vealers more numerous; choice kinds steady to small killers, about 25c lower to large interests; selected offerings upward to $14.00; packers paying $13.25 downward. Sheep—Receipts, 35,000; dull; few early sales fat native lambs, 50c to 75c lower at $12.00@13.75; sorting heavier; culls, $8.50 early; no action on westerns; best early bids, $13.50; sheep and feeders steady; early sales feeding lambs, $13.00.

East Buffalo — Cattle — Receipts, 2,250; yearlings active and steady; shipping steers slow and 25c lower; good cows, 25c lower; canners, 15c to 25c lower; bulls, 10c to 15 lower; shipping steers, $8.50@10.50; butchers, $7.00@9.00; yearlings, $8.00@10.50; heifers, $5.00@8.00; fair to choice cows, $2.50@6.25; some at $6.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@2.50; bulls, $3.00@5.25; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.50; fresh cows and springers, active and $5.00 higher, $35.00@125.00 per head. Calves—Receipts, 2,000; active and steady; choice, $12.50@13.00; fair to good, $11.00@12.00; culls, $6.00@10.50; heavy, $6.00@8.00; grassers, $3.00@5.00. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; slow; pigs, 50c lower; others 25c lower; heavy, $10.40; mixed and yorkers, $10.40@10.50; light yorkers, $9.50@10.40; pigs, $9.00@9.25; roughs, $8.25@8.50; stags, $4.00@5.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; slow and generally 50c lower; lambs, $7.00@14.00; yearlings, $7.00@10.50; wethers, $8.00@8.50; ewes, $2.00@7.50; mixed sheep, $7.50@8.00.

Pittsburgh — Cattle — Receipts, 2,800; lower; steers, $9.00@10.00; heifers, $6.75@7.20; cows, $5.00@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 5,500; lower; heavies, $10.50@10.60; heavy yorkers, $10.65@10.75; light yorkers, $9.75@10.00; pigs, $9.25@9.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3,500; top sheep, $8.00; steady; top lambs, $14.00; lower. Calves — Receipts, 1,500; lower; top, $13.00.

Indianapolis — Hogs — Receipts, 5,500; steady to 5c lower; heavies, $10.15@10.20; lights, $10.20@10.25; top, $10.25; pigs, $6.00@9.50. Cattle—Receipts, 800; lower; steers, $7.00@10.00; beef cows, $3.50@6.00; heifers, $5.00@10.00. Calves—Receipts, 450; strong; veals, $8.00@12.50. Sheep—Receipts, 300; sheep, steady; lambs, 50c lower; sheep, $3.00@5.00; lambs, $8.00@12.50.

TELLS DETAILS OF IMBRIE CASE

Doctor Relates How Yank Fought Fanatical Persian Mob.

A detailed story of the death of Major Robert Imbrie, acting vice consul of Teheran, Persia, killed July 18 by a fanatical mob, has been sent to Minneapolis by Dr. H. P. Hackard, his physician, in a letter to George K. Ead, Imbrie's "buddy" during the World war.

Dr. Hackard attended Major Imbrie in a Teheran hospital where he was taken after being beaten unconscious by the mob which thought he had poisoned a sacred well. The crowd smashed its way into the hospital to renew the attack as Imbrie lay dying, Dr. Hackard said.

"At a sacred well near the center of the city," the letter said, "Mussulmen had been performing extraordinary feats of fanaticism for several days.

Visits Sacred Well.

"It was reported that on Friday, July 18 (the holy day of the Mohammedan) the exhibition at the sacred well would be especially interesting.

"Shortly before 10 A. M. Major Imbrie, with Melvin Seymour, an American, and a native servant, went to the well in an open carriage. The exact details as to what happened after they approached the well are not clear, but it is reported that a Mohammedan priest suddenly cried out, pointing at Major Imbrie: 'He has put poison in the well.'

"Major Imbrie and his companion returned to the carriage and drove rapidly toward the public square. They were followed by a crowd headed by a number of native police and soldiers repeating the cry raised at the well. A native on a motorcycle stopped the carriage and the increasing mob surrounded it.

"Major Imbrie vigorously defended himself. He was dragged from the carriage, but managed to run to the south side of the avenue, where he could better defend himself with his back to the wall. His companion was dragged to the north side directly in front of the entrance to the military headquarters. Major Imbrie was driven to the center of the avenue again, where a cossack officer dealt him a blow on the head with his sword.

Hospital Entered.

"My servant, who was passing at the time, recognized the consul, ran to police headquarters nearby and several officers with a group of policemen rushed to the place, taking Major Imbrie to police headquarters where the hospital is.

"The mob broke through the door, smashing it and the three windows in the place, tearing tiles from the floor and again attacked Major Imbrie, raining many additional blows on his head and face.

"Although Major Imbrie sustained about 135 wounds and contusions, none of them was sufficiently serious to have caused his death. The shock was tremendous, however, and he survived it only until 2:30 P. M."

Tasty Leftovers

An excellent way to utilize the last bit of chopped meat is to make a biscuit dough, spread it lightly with butter and sprinkle on the meat, roll like a jelly roll and bake in a hot oven. Serve with tomato sauce.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

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PATENTS—Booklet free, highest references, best results, promptness assured. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 644 G St., Washington, D. C.

PORTUGUESE BULLFIGHT MORE HUMANE THAN IN SISTER COUNTRY

The bullfight in Portugal is supposed to be more humane than the same thing as conducted in Spain. In Portugal they do not kill the bull, nor are the horses "gutted." This is the word used in speaking of this feature of the fray and is the only word that is adequate.

The horns of the bull in Portugal are padded. Therefore, in attacking the defenseless, blindfolded horse, which can do nothing but stand in his tracks, the bull merely lifts the steed clear off his feet, or pushes him all over the place and attempts to trample on him. While the attack on an unsuspecting and unseeing horse is the only thing to arouse objection to the Portuguese bullfight, this heartless, unfair and unsportsmanlike charge makes an Anglo-Saxon, at least, grit his teeth in fury. The men on the horses are supposed to spear the bull to avoid having the horse tossed, but in most cases the man is as old and emaciated as the horse, than which there are no older, because only old ones are used for this part of the program, and in too many cases the man with the spear misses the bull entirely. The result is that the horse and the man get a good tossing, which, after all, is perhaps what the public wants.

Steed Shielded.

The horse is slightly protected by a heavy leather saddle, with suspended leather flanks, and the man is encased in leather armor, something like a knight of old. It is almost impossible for him to get hurt, and when toppled to the ground, he cannot arise unaided because of his encumbrances, but has to be lifted and stood upright by aides. Mounted on his rickety old steed, with his long spear in his hand, he makes one think of how Don Quixote or Sancho Panza must have looked.

In Spain the horns of the bull are not padded, and he is killed, after he has been played out, by the toreador planting a sword in a vital spot at the top of his spine. And the old horses, because of the unpadded bull's horns, are "gutted." Large rips are often torn in them, but they are sewed up again, as a sack of meal would be, and are sent back into the fray blindfolded. These are always old horses for which there is no more use.

The real sport in a bullfight lies in the agility and dexterity of the toreadors, who are on foot. They are so skillful that from a position directly in front of a charging, mad bull, they simply step a pace to one side or the other and let the bull plunge by. After 15 minutes of "playing" the animal, they usually have so much the upper hand in wits that they can stand right in front of the bull and place their hands on him without the latter so much as making an attempt to move.

An Expert's Trick.

The toreador usually begins these didos by pulling the infuriated bull's tail. And it takes an expert to maneuver into that position where he has the bull completely turned away from him. Then the bullfighter gets closer and closer, through confidence and keener wits, until eventually he teases the bull right at the animal's head. One toreador went so far that, with the bull apparently hypnotized into submission, the man knelt on the ground at the bull's head, placed his hand on one horn and with the other mopped his own brow with a handkerchief. He even looked away from the bull momentarily to bow to the raving audience and, by that act, demonstrated the fact that he had reached the highest point in the bullfighter's knack.

The enthusiasm of the crowd at a bullfight is intense, but orderly. Spectators pitch their hats into the ring with the same regularity, when a toreador has subdued a bull sufficiently to put one of the hats on the animal's head, that the fans do in an American ball park when Babe Ruth hits a homer.

The bullfight continues to be the chief sport in Portugal, just as it is in Spain.

Rail Shop Builds Car in "48 Man-Hours"

Lowering by almost an hour the record set last year by the Delaware & Hudson railroad shops, the Atlantic Coast Line car shops in Florence, S. C., are believed to have established a new world's mark for freight car construction.

A freight box car, work on which was started at 7:30 A. M., last week, was completed, including the painting and stenciling, at 3 P. M., arrived at a loading platform at 3:51 P. M., received 150,000 pounds of tobacco and was in transit to Winston Salem, N. C., 154 miles away, at 3:56 P. M., arriving there at 4:30 A. M.

On another basis of computation, actual construction of the car required a few minutes more than 48 man hours.

Mrs. Jay Davidson of New Orleans, possesses the first $1 banknote of the "greenback" variety ever issued by the United States government. The note, now frayed and discolored, is numbered 1 and bears the date of August 1, 1862.

SAVES TO AID HOTEL WORKERS

Tips Piled Up for Years Go to Make Life More Pleasant for Friends.

In the stately precincts of the Waldorf-Astoria, often trod by kings, princes and great ones of the earth, a fairy tale has assumed reality.

The characters were humble and yet worthy folk, clerks, bell-hops, scullery maids, waiters and checkers.

One by one they passed before John Killackey, cashier, and received checks of from $300 to $500, legacies left them by a fellow worker, Arthur Fowler, clerk and messenger of the Waldorf drug store.

As each received his coveted paper until $40,000 had been distributed, memories of the quiet unassuming Fowler came to them, memories of one whom they said "played his game like a man."

Last October, while Fowler lay dying in a hospital, he sent for Killackey. The latter was surprised when Fowler informed him that he had accumulated a fortune of $40,000, saved out of his wages and out of the many tips he had received while delivering drugs to the hotel's guests.

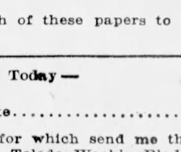
"I have no kin, so I want to leave it all to my friends, the men and women with whom I've worked," Fowler said.

So, at that bedside, a list was made up containing names of old friends and employes of the hotel and of the drug store. Not only were the clerks and the "boys out front" remembered, but also many a humble worker, men and women unseen by guests, those who labor in the nooks and corners behind the gilded scenes.

Fowler remembered, too, the family of Dr. Louis Trezise, owner of the drug store in which he was employed. To each of them he left $1,000 cash.

Pimples

BLOOD impurities are pumped by the heart into the face. That is what causes that grainy appearance, that muddiness, sallowness, pimples, blackheads, acne, red spots, and that impossible "something" which no face cream, massage, or face powder can cover up or beautify! The foundation for a beautiful skin simply is not there, and no face treatment can give it to you. But increase your red-blood-cells,—and quickly the ruby tint of purity begins to glow in the cheeks, the complexion becomes venus-like and immaculate! Try it. It will do it every time. S. S. S. builds the red-blood-cells you need for a beautiful complexion. Begin using S. S. S. at once, and give yourself what you have been working for, for years



S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

"MA" FERGUSON, VICTOR IN GOVERNOR PRIMARY, WILL BE BOSS OF TEXAS, SAYS DAUGHTER

"Ma" Ferguson is going to be the boss.

Mrs. George S. Nalle, Austin, Tex., daughter of the woman who has just achieved the most sensational political act of the generation by defeating the Ku Klux Klan and insuring her election as the first woman to be governor of any state in the Union, promised that recently.

Mrs. Nalle, with her husband and small son, Ernest, were visiting in New York for a few days, resting from their labors in the campaign in which they stumped the state for "Ma."

"Mama's victory means that she is going to be the governor of Texas in fact as well as in name," Mrs. Nalle asserted, "despite the fact that Ku Klux Klan in an attempt to discredit her, painted word pictures of her as a mere figurehead for my father, former Governor James E. Ferguson. Mama, however, has a mind of her own and she will be the boss, never fear.

"When daddy was governor he always talked over his problems with mama before reaching a decision, and now the situation will simply be reversed. Daddy will co-operate with mama in every possible way and give her the benefit of his years of practical experience. It will be work of love for him, because he will want her administration to go down in history as a monument to the first woman governor of any state.

"Mama has not been a superfeminist or a militant suffragette," Mrs. Nalle continued in her thumbnail sketch of a woman whose name will go down in history, "but she has always been keenly interested in politics because of dad. She was not an ardent suffragette, but since women received the vote she has always voted as she sees the right. She has a mind of her own and uses it. There's nothing wishy-washy about her and she'd be the last woman in the world to be a clinging vine.

"She is a home-loving, home-making woman who has always devoted her life to her husband and her children. Like most Texas women, she has a colored servant, but she can and does cook. If there's a cake to be made for Sunday or something special for 'company,' she does it.

"We're just pleased all over, of course, that she licked the klan, but we expected it. My father was a good governor and was undermined by political trickery, and the people of Texas knew it. The campaign was a vindication for him as against the klan. And about the klan—you know their campaign slogan was 'No Ma for Me.' Well, they're orphans now."

Has Comfortable Lead.

Mrs. Miriam Ferguson, the first woman candidate for governor of Texas and wife of James E. Ferguson, former governor, was nominated at the Democratic primary over Felix Robertson, Dallas. Judge Robertson telegraphed Mrs. Ferguson at her home in Temple: "I sincerely congratulate you on your victory."

The Texas election bureau tabulation of the vote Sunday night showed Mrs. Ferguson leading by 80,000 and more than 725,000 ballots counted. The bureau estimated the total vote would be close to 850,000. Reports show it was heavier than at any previous state election.

Figures showed 230 of the 252 counties heard from, 67 reporting complete, gave Mrs. Ferguson 403,060; Robertson 324,297.

In a statement given to the Dallas News, Mrs. Miriam Ferguson, Democratic nominee for governor, said she would seek the aid of the "good citizenship of Texas" in solving problems of the office of governor, if elected. Speaking of unofficial returns which indicated her nomination, she said:

"This, of course, is gratifying to the fullest degree and with my heart filled with love and gratitude to my good friends everywhere, but for whom this great victory would not have been possible. I now look to the East to welcome the dawn of a new day.

Proud of Victory.

"While I am, of course, proud of my victory, I especially want to emphasize the fact that this campaign has not been made for revenge nor inspired by hatred. For those who have seen fit to vote against me, I have no word of censure, and with the help of God, I shall strive earnestly to be the governor of all the people.

"Texas has vindicated herself before the nation and can again resume her honored place as a leader in the galaxy of truly Democratic states. The victory has been won by the help of the good citizenship of Texas, and as their servant I shall seek their future aid in solving whatever difficulties may confront my administration."

Victory in the Democratic gubernatorial primary always has been followed by election in November.

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Every person is interested in making a safe and profitable investment—this applies to the paper you read just as much as to financial matters.

There are two weekly publications—leaders in their respective fields—that you should have in your home.

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COLONEL LOGAN TO REPRESENT U. S. INTERESTS

Britain, It Is Now Feared, May Create Trouble in Making Final Financial Arrangements.

Now that the International conference has finished, incidents may be recalled which emphasize it as probably the most human international meeting in history.

The old animosities between the French and the British were still there, the same as ever, and hatred of the Germans' double-dealing on reparations and everything else since the war was apparent, but it was all tempered by the fact that MacDonald was a homely sort of person, anxious for a man-to-man settlement, and Herriot had a personality that drew to him men who love humanity.

While that spirit prevailed in the background, there were many incidents where old rivalries broke out, and it was then that Colonel Logan played upon the real feelings of the men.

Talk Spans Gulf.

On one occasion it looked like an absolute break in an important committee meeting, whereupon Logan, with a supposedly new idea which did not exist, talked the committee hungry, knowing that the Frenchman thinks much of a good lunch. His filibuster brought a suggestion for adjournment, and after lunch everything went along nicely.

It has been this sort of thing that has brought praise to the United States as the real savior of the conference, but much of that saving has been done by the quick judgment of human appeal.

Loan Trouble Feared.

The delegates left London for home with those minor disappointments that follow every conference, because everybody did not get everything he wanted, but in general they were satisfied.

The only fear for the immediate future was that when it should come to arranging a loan for Germany, probably in October, someone might try to change some of the agreements arrived at in the London pact. If that is done there will be trouble, because it is evident that many of the compromises in the protocol were arrived at with difficulty.

It seems assured that no attempt of this sort will come from American bankers, who probably have worked closer with their conference representatives than those of other nations, but questions might arise from British interests. Should it come from that source, it could be ascribed to politics almost as much as to pure finance. That is because of the open dislike between Prime Minister MacDonald and his chancellor of the exchequer, Philip Snowden, coupled with Snowden's alliance with Montague C. Norman, governor of the Bank of England.

Seen as Good Risk.

So far as the loan itself is concerned, it amounts to comparatively nothing. If American bankers can advance $100,000,000 to an American tire company as was done recently, it would not seem difficult to get only twice that amount for Germany, virtually untouched by the war and with vast resources. It is [illegible] later financing and the question of commercial treaties which are being reckoned with.

While the agreement here has been a tremendous step forward, there are difficulties to overcome. The next step will be the meeting of financial representatives to ascertain how the allies are going to divide German reparations when they are paid. James A. Logan will be there for the United States, to impress upon Europeans that the United States definitely expects to recover that $255,000,000 spent in maintaining its troops at Coblenz, and also other money allotted by the mixed claims commission. This also will be pretty much a give-and-take conference, with the hope seemingly still resting in the breasts of many Europeans, that Americans will do most of the giving. But that is not to be the case.

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Some of the crew of a Scottish fishing boat thought they had caught a sea sepent when they hauled aboard an eel which weighed 88 pounds and measured seven feet in length and 26 inches in girth. It was caught in the North sea about 20 miles from land.

Coolidge Gives Relic of Pioneer Days to Ford; Greets Other Notables

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

President Coolidge opened the doors of his father's home at Plymouth, Vt., last week, and welcomed fellow vacationers, Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone and his son, Russell Firestone. The President presented to Mr. Ford a worn sap bucket which was brought to Plymouth, Vt., by the original Coolidge there. After all members of the party had signed their names, the President inscribed with pen: "Made for and used by John Coolidge, an original settler of Plymouth. He died in 1822. Used also by Calvin Coolidge in the sugar lot when he was a boy at home." This photo shows, left to right, Harvey Firestone, the President, Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Russell Firestone and Mrs. Coolidge.

DARROW'S ELOQUENCE THRILLS HEARERS IN PLEA FOR SLAYERS

Clarence S. Darrow thrilled the crowd in Judge Caverly's court in Chicago last week when he employed his master eloquence in pleading the cause of the Franks slayers, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, Jr., in an effort to save them from the hangman's noose.

"Cure hatred by love," was the appeal that permeated his eloquence, which moved to tears the culprits who hitherto had sat unmoved while prosecutors, in summing up arguments, denounced them as "fiends" and "murderers." The murder was the "act of diseased minds" that killed, "as they might kill a fly or a spider, for the experience," he contended.

Something Slipped.

"The killing of Bobby Franks was a senseless thing, an unreasonable, unexplainable and foolish act that could have been conceived and executed only by a diseased mind," said Mr. Darrow. "Why did they kill little Bobby?" asked the gray-haired pleader, pointing a shaking forefinger at the judge. "Not for money. They had that. Not for spite; not for hate. They killed him as they might kill a fly or a spider—for the experience.

"Because somewhere," and here the strident tone sank to a pitch of regret, "in the infinite processes which go into the making of the boy or the man, something slipped. And now these unfortunate lads sit here hated, despised, outcast and with the community shouting for their blood." This proved too much for the self-control of the culprits. Throughout most of the time they sat tense, Loeb following every movement of the pleader, Leopold growing pale beneath his customary ruddy flush.

But when Mr. Darrow's eloquence pictured disgrace to the families, the grief of mothers, the sorrow of fathers, the blasted hopes for the boys themselves, Loeb flicked tears from his cheeks and Leopold stumbled from the courtroom with bowed head.

Leopold Overcome.

So overcome was the latter that he struck blindly against a partition narrowing the entrance to the "bull pen." The impact drove him sidewise, but he did not raise his head. With extended arms he plowed past the bailiffs and fairly plunged into the elevator that was waiting to convey him to the approach of Cook county's "bridge of sighs."

At the outset of his argument, Mr. Darrow declared that the millions of dollars possessed by his clients' families had been a positive handicap to the defense. He spoke, too, of the attitude of local newspapers which, he charged, had inflamed public opinion against Leopold and Loeb.

"There are times when poverty is fortunate and this is one of the times," he said. "Wildly extravagant stories were published without basis of fact. They said this was to be an effort to save the two boys by the use of money."

Mr. Darrow denied that, pointing out that the defense experts were to receive fees based upon their regular charges for professional services, and that he himself, and his associates, had agreed to take such an amount as the Chicago Bar association thought proper.

He declared that the state's attorney was asking for a death sentence in the face of conditions that made it contrary to precedent, asserting that only one murderer had been sentenced to death in this county after a plea of guilty. He took a fling at Mr. Crowe, pointing out that it was the latter, while chief justice of the criminal courts, who had sent that man to the gallows.

Afraid of Jury.

Then Mr. Darrow frankly admitted that the defense had pleaded guilty because they "were afraid to place their cause before a jury."

He said he and his associates fully realized the heavy responsibility they had placed upon the judge and added:

"If responsibility is divided by 12 it is easier to sway it. But if these boys hang there can be no division of responsibility. You can never explain a hanging by saying that other courts overpowered you."

Taking up an analysis of the case itself, Mr. Darrow read from a scrap of paper the epithets which had been applied to the crime by Thomas Marshall and Joseph Savage, assistant state's attorneys. "Cowardly, dastardly, fiendish, cruel, premeditated and cold blooded," he read, and then proceeded to argue against the fitness of each of them.

Hanging, he said, would be more cowardly and cold-blooded than the crime itself. The killing of Franks "was one of the least dastardly and cruel" he had ever known, he said, and in justification of this statement, declared that the standard to be applied here was the suffering of the victim.

"Bobby Franks suffered very little. He was dead within 15 minutes after entering the automobile. He may not have known what happened." Mr. Darrow declared "stupid" the theory of the state that the $10,000 ransom money was the motive for the crime. He pointed out Loeb's private checking account of $3,000 and the testimony of the secretary to Leopold, Sr., that young Leopold was free to get money from the secretary for the asking.

"Not for Money."

"The murder was not for money," he charged with scorn emphasized again by the shaking forefinger. "It was the senseless act of immature and diseased children, wandering around in the dark, whose lives we cannot thoroughly understand."

He ridiculed the claims by the state that the boys stole a typewriter from a Michigan fraternity house last October as preliminary to the Franks crime. He said Leopold had used that machine in writing letters and that his family knew he had it. He asked the judge if such a course was consistent, compared with the care of the boys on other details. He then argued that the later purchase at successive stores of the rope, chisel and acid used in the murder showed plainly that it was not being planned when the typewriter was stolen.

Mr. Darrow overlooked no opportunity to philosophize against the futility of hanging as a preventive of murder. In one such interval he quoted the text of a poem, the soliloquy of a boy on the gallows. On another occasion he declared the world had long been and for long would be a "slaughter house." Just before the session ended Mr. Darrow began to discuss the effects of the crime on the families.

Refers to Families.

"I know how easy it is to talk about mothers when you want to do so," he said. "I know that any mother might be the mother of a Bobby Franks as well the mother of a Richard Loeb or a Nathan Leopold. The trouble is this: That if she is the mother of a Nathan Leopold or of a Richard Loeb, she has to ask herself 'How came my children to be what they are? From what ancestry did they get this strain? How far removed was the person that destroyed their lives? Was I the bearer of the seed that brings them to death?' No one knows what will be the fate of the child they beget or the child they bear, and that fate is the last thing they think of. I do not know what made these boys do this mad act, but I do know there is a reason for it.

"I know they did not beget themselves. I know that any one of an infinite number of causes reaching back to the beginning might be working out in these boys' minds whom you are asked to hang in malice and in hatred and in justice, because some one in the past has sinned against them.

"I am sorry for the fathers as well as the mothers, for the fathers who give their strength and their lives toward educating and protecting and creating a fortune for the boys that they loved; for the mothers who go down into the shadow of death for their children who nourish them and care for them.

"They are helpless. But when you are pitying the father and the mother of poor Bobby Franks, what about the mothers and fathers of these two unfortunate boys and what about the unfortunate boys themselves, and what about all the fathers and all the mothers and all the boys and all the girls who tread a dangerous maze in darkness from the cradle to the grave?

"Ignorance and Hatred."

"And do you think you can lighten it by hanging these two? Do you think you can cure the hatreds and maladjustments of the world by hanging them? You simply show ignorance and hate when you say it. You may here and there cure hatred with love and understanding, but you can only add fuel to flames by hating in return.

"For God's sake, if the state in which I live is not kinder, more human, more considerate, more intelligent than the mad act of these two mad boys, I am sorry I have lived so long."

"Any person in Chicago, who under the evidence in this case believes that money was the motive, is just plain stupid.

"I will not go over the details of the ransom. Anyway, they were not to get $10,000. They were to get $5,000 each. They were risking their necks for $5,000 if that had anything to do with it, which it didn't.

"At that time, Richard Loeb had $3,000 in a checking account in the bank. He had bonds and Leopold could get money whenever he wished. To all appearances they are asking to kill these two boys on the strength of this flimsy foolishness.

"If on this evidence you can construe a motive, then liberty isn't safe, or life isn't safe. In addition to that, these boys' families are wealthy. They have been raised in luxury, never denied anything. And yet they murdered the little boy without malice, without reason to get $5,000 each?

"All right. If anyone believes that I cannot help it. It was the senseless act of premature and diseased children, wandering around in the dark, whose lives we cannot yet thoroughly understand.

Appeals to Court.

"I want to say you can cut out every expert and lay witness in this case; you may decide this case as it opened before you and there could be no question but that they are mentally diseased.

"We all know the penalty for murder is death. But does the court become emotionless, or lose his conscience because of that fact? I have come to the mercy of this court, but I do not need to ask mercy for them. Your honor can be as strict in the letter of the law as you please and not hang them under the law.

"A jury may fix any one of three penalties as they see fit. When was this law passed? Doesn't it leave the court open to do as he pleases as much as it directs a jury to decide? We have sought to show you why you should not hang these boys to make you believe they are of diseased minds at a tender age. This is all.

"If there was no motive except the senseless act of immature boys, then the court has heard of an act done only by children without reason or purpose. It needs no expert to convince any human being that this act is the act of a diseased brain. Stealing a typewriter in Ann Arbor has nothing to do with this case, yet the state's attorney has placed much emphasis upon it. These boys went to the fraternity house there solely to steal this typewriter, he says, but the reason for this I shall explain later. Yet, the state and its alienists seized upon this as an indication of extreme saneness.

Refers to Typewriter.

"The typewriter has nothing to do with this crime, regardless of what has been charged. They did bring a typewriter from Ann Arbor and on it they wrote the ransom letter, and after the boy was killed they threw it into a lagoon after twisting off the letters. But, mark this, Leopold had that typewriter in his house six months. He had written his letters on it. There was no need for all the means the state's attorney employed to identify this machine. Leopold made no attempt to deface the number. He made no attempt to conceal it. His family knew he had it. The state's attorney said, in order to make out the different mental processes of these boys they cooked up a plan to take this typewriter months ahead of the crime.

"Yet when they came to the crime they bought a rope, they bought a chisel, they bought acid at the last moment. I believe those circumstances are significant. Then Loeb registered at two hotels under an assumed name. To one hotel he took a valise, in which were a number of books, one containing a library card in his own name. He might just as well have sent his personal card with the ransom letter so far as trying to conceal his identity was concerned.

"Only a diseased mind working in a youth could have done that. Again consider that they gave up home, friends, school, ease and luxury. They sacrificed them for nothing. They murdered a boy, a playmate of one of them without reason and without sense. Now your honor, you and I have been boys and we have known others. The best way to judge another is to put ourselves in another's place.

Lives Before Them.

"Is it in the realm of your imagination that a boy who is bright, with all the prospects of life before him, who could choose and have all he wanted, could do a thing like this and not have a disordered mind? How insane he is either legally or mentally I don't know.

"There are not persons in the world if they all testified in the same way to convince any man that these boys are right. They did not reason. They couldn't reason. They committed the most foolish, senseless act for no reason at all.

"There are only two theories, one that a diseased brain drove them to it and the other is the old theory that they were possessed by a devil. My friend Marshall could have read his Blackstone on that. Why did they kill Robert Franks? Not for money, hate nor spite, but because they were made that way; because somewhere in the infinite processes that go to making up the boy from the man something slipped.

"Mr. Savage said in the immaturity of youth and inexperience if these boys were hanged, we would have no more murders. My God, this world has been a slaughterhouse for ages, but killing goes on and on."

Europe's Paper Notes Giving Way to Coins

The long reign of paper money in a number of European countries is coming to an end, with the reappearance of the metal coinage which various governments have introduced within the last few months. France led the way with a new franc, and a little later introduced smaller coins of nickel.

Germany some time ago issued one, two and three renten mark pieces in silver, as well as pfennigs of nickel, while Austria, several months ago, began the coinage of one shilling pieces of silver, worth about 10 cents each, as well as nickel coins of various denominations.

Russia, too, is planning to put silver into use and the Fre State of Danzig, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia also are planning issues of metal coins within the next few months.

To Clean a Solitaire

To clean a diamond ring satisfactorily take a tiny soft feather and put back and forth between the prongs of the ring and under the diamond.

A Hungarian engineer has invented a phonograph no larger than an ordinary watch. There is room inside for 10 discs, giving a repertoire of 20 selections. By placing the instrument on a water glass the sound is amplified sufficiently for an ordinary-sized room.

ALL THREE PARTIES VOICE PLEASURE AT ADDRESS OF DAWES

BY MARK SULLIVAN.

Charles G. Dawes pleased everybody. The Republicans liked the forthright fighting spirit of his speech. The LaFollette people say, in effect, "Thanks for the advertising; that's what we live on." The Democrats seem most pleased of all. They say they are delighted with that middle-ground position which Mr. Dawes ascribes to them. He calls it a "straddling position."

Some Democrats, a little critical of the slowness in starting the campaign, say their own leaders should have chosen their own role and goal and should have started toward it some time ago. Since this was not clearly done, however, they are quite willing to accept the middle-ground role which Mr. Dawes has assigned them, and go to it on that basis.

Dawes to Provide Fireworks.

Two things are certain. One is that Candidate Dawes is relied on by the Republicans to supply their fireworks for this campaign. The other is that he knew and knows exactly what he is doing. He always does know.

His great friend, General Pershing, never mapped out a campaign in advance more carefully than Mr. Dawes plans his moves. General Dawes always knows his objective as well as any more purely military general, and sticks to it, makes every step an advance toward it, rather more patiently and warily than many military leaders.

It has got about that Mr. Dawes is an impulsive person, as if any impulsive person could be as steadily successful a banker as Mr. Dawes is. His "Hell and Maria" speech was designed, and successfully designed for the specific purpose of catching the attention of the American people and snapping this country out of a mood in which it was beginning to be a little ashamed of the way America managed its part in the war.

Given to Careful Planning.

That, like everything else Mr. Dawes does, was a case of an intelligently thought-out purpose and extremely resourceful adoption of the means best adapted to that purpose.

General Dawes is essentially one of the most methodical of men, one of those most given to careful planning. What other kind of man could have worked out a budget system for the finances of the United States? Even his pipe is a fruit of painstaking system.

Washington, by the way, hears from Maine that some cautious Republican leaders there have suppressed the posters showing Dawes and his pipe, in deference to what the local leaders apprehend as the prejudice of women voters. If there are Maine women with that sort of prejudice, they can be assured General Dawes' pipe represents at least a partial reform on his part, a move in retreat from self-indulgence. It was characteristically methodical.

Measures His Nicotine.

Mr. Dawes used to smoke cigars. He began to think he was getting too much nicotine, so, literally, he went into chemistry about it. He carefully weighed the amount of tobacco in a dozen cigars and the amount in an ordinary 15-cent tin of smoking tobacco. By a series of calculations he determined that in a given time he could get the maximum of puffing with the minimum of nicotine out of the smoking tobacco.

A man who manages his smoking as intelligently as that isn't apt to embark on a political campaign without knowing just where he means to go and how to get there. Mr. Dawes' coming speech in Maine will be watched with extremely close attention by the leaders of all the parties, to see what further steps it reveals about his plan of campaign.

New York Herald-Tribune News Service.

COOLIDGE LAUDS NEGRO FOR RISE

League Head Assured That President Stands for Full Voting Rights.

President Coolidge, in a letter to Robert Moton, as president of the National Negro Business league, in Chicago, made public recently, congratulates American Negroes on the progress made and expresses confidence that their full political rights will be won by the rightfulness of their claims. The league is about to meet in annual convention, marking the quarter centennial of its organization.

After paying tribute "to the league's founder and your distinguished predecessor, the late Booker T. Washington," the letter says:

"In the accumulation of wealth, establishment of material independence, and the assumption of a full and honorable part in the economic life of the nation, it fairly may be said that the colored people themselves already substantially have solved these phases of their problems. If they will but go forward along the lines of their progress in recent decades, their future will be well cared for.

Sees Continual Advance.

"That they will continue in this way of advancement cannot be doubted by anyone who knows their accomplishments heretofore. They will continue their efforts for educational progress and spiritual betterment; but just as they demonstrate their eagerness for such improvement they will find themselves enjoying constantly greater support and sympathy at the hands of the whole community.

"As to the political status and the future of the colored people, I cannot better present my views than by quoting from a letter which I wrote a few days ago to a correspondent who had sought to enlist my influence against having a colored man become a candidate for a congressional nomination. In reply, among other things, I said:

"'The suggestion of denying any measure of their full political rights to such a great group of our population as the colored people is one which could not possibly be permited by one who feels responsibility for living up to the traditions and maintaining the principles of the Republican party.

Rights to Be Protected.

'Our constitution guarantees equal rights to all our citizens, without discrimination on account of race or color. I have taken my oath to support that constitution. It is the source of your rights and my rights. I propose to regard it, and administer it, as the source of the rights of all the people, whatever their belief or race.'

"Just as emancipation from slavery was granted by the immortal Lincoln, so is economic emancipation being splendidly wrought out by the colored people for themselves; so I believe their full political rights will be won through the inevitable logic of their population and rightfulness of their claims."

100 FIRES LAID TO BANK CLERK

Sought Thrill, Prisoner Says; Mania Dates From Illness.

George C. Gustow, former New York bank clerk, is awaiting arraignment on a charge of arson. According to Fire Marshal Brophy, the prisoner has admitted setting more than 100 fires in apartment and loft buildings in the last few months "just for the thrill."

Herman Gustow, a lawyer, father of the accused man, said that his son had been afflicted with a mania for watching fires since an attack of infantile paralysis left him partly crippled. He was arrested in 1915 for setting fires and sent to an asylum. He was discharged as cured in 1919.

"I have an uncontrollable desire to set fires for the purpose of excitement," Gustow was quoted as saying. "I like to see the firemen work."

He insisted that he never set a fire causing loss of life.

An intensive campaign to run down pyromaniacs was started by the police early this month after an apartment house fire resulting in the deaths of three persons, including the Rev. and Mrs. David Duke Waugh of Watertown, N. Y. Three fires apparently of incendiary origin were reported last week.

Firemen fighting oil well blazes frequently resort to asbestos clothing.

RED RASH ON FACE AND HEAD

Itched and Burned. Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"The trouble first started with a red rash that covered my face and head. Later it took the form of pimples that disfigured my face. The pimples itched and burned causing continual scratching, and the scratching caused eruptions. My hair became lifeless and dry and I lost sleep at night because of the irritation.

"A friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some and after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss A. E. Dan, 1303 Perry St., Davenport, Iowa.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Samples Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c.

Try our new Shaving Stick

BRITISH CLAIM RULE IN SUDAN

Grave Dispute Seen as Egyptians Contest Treaty.

The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, control of which has recently been subject of heated discussion between Britons and Egyptians, is as important to Egypt, say the Egyptians, as the stem to a flower. As in the case of all else Egyptian, the value of the Sudan hangs on the Nile and its life-giving waters. Great Britain sees in the country, however, a great source of raw materials for her cotton mills.

The country is the subject of the following bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society:

Long a Source of Slaves.

"Considered only from a geographical point of view, the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan is a southern continuation of Egypt," says the bulletin; "but politically and ethnically Egypt has been unable to follow very successfully the suggestions of geography. The ancient empire of the Pharaohs had some control over the northern parts of Sudan, but modern Egypt had no claims to any part of the region until 1820, when an Egyptian army invaded the country to the south and conquered it. A government largely of Turks, Albanians and Circassians was set up and the people were systematically oppressed. Slave raiding became the big business, and thousands of luckless blacks from the remote parts of the country were carried into captivity every year.

"In the late sixties the Egyptians obtained the services of Europeans, chiefly Britons, as governors and officials in the Sudan, and some effort was made at reform. Colonel Gordan served as governor for years.

Slipped Out.

"But the fanatical Mahdi movement arose in the Sudan in 1881, by 1885 Khartum had fallen and Gordan was murdered, and soon all semblance of Egyptian control over the country had again passed away. From that time until 1898, [illegible] Mohammedan despots held sway in the Sudan and even attempted the conquest of Egypt, though unsuccessfully.

"The reconquest of the Sudan took place between 1896 and 1898 by joint British and Egyptian forces led by 'Kitchener of Khartum.' It is on this participation in the conquest, and the treaty with Egypt following it that Great Britain bases her claims.

"The Sudanese are not Egyptians. They were Nubians and other blacks to begin with. Arabs came in and intermarried with them, and now the population is a marvelous mixture,—a 'negro porpurri'—many of whom speak Arabic and most of whom are Moslems. Nor do the Sudanese like the Egyptians. About their only tie in common is that both live on and by the waters of the Nile.

TEMPERATURE IS MAIN GOAL

Snow and Ice Believed to Be Deposited at Poles on Mars.

Areas that may be continents, vast sections of marsh lands or prairie, the remains of what are believed to have been the oceans that once divided the surface of the land are continually and regularly shifting on the planet Mars before the gaze of scientists at Lowell observatory in Arizona, it was revealed last week.

When the air is steady, according to Professor Earl Slipper, photographic expert and astronomer, he captures the planet's appearance on very sensitive photographic plates.

Work Progressing.

While the question of the habitability of Mars is a live one with practical astronomers, the experts are not concerned whether men or beings like men here are on Mars going about daily rounds of duties and pleasures like those on earth.

These men are attempting to determine the temperatures and the conditions of atmosphere on the planet in an effort to ascertain the possibility of human habitation there, they pointed out.

The work is progressing with the aid of the Coblentz radiometer, whose measurements of electrical currents are reputed to be the most sensitive achieved by man, less than a billionth of an ohm.

Professor Slipper believes sensational results may be obtained from the observations during the recession of Mars in October, rather than at the height of the planet' proximity to earth. Intensive study since March at the institution there, regarded by astronomers as "headquarters" for observation of Mars because of its locality, has enabled the scientists to establish the time of seasonal changes on the planet corresponding to those of the earth.

Snow at Poles.

The astronomers have long learned the yearly waxing and waning of polar caps as the supposed water vapor is deposited as snow or ice at the north and south poles, and when Martian spring comes, melt beneath the more direct rays of the sun.

The melting of the ice caps is accompanied by a progressive change in appearance of the territory surrounding the caps. Streaks develop like lines on a photographic print immersed in the developing solution. These streaks and areas darken. The ground color of Mars as seen in a telescope, is a bright ruddy hue.

Woman Will Head Great Ship Company

Another woman's name has been added to the growing list of members of that sex who are managing great industrial businesses. Lady Pirrie, widow of Lord Pirrie, who died at sea while on his way home from South America, and who was chairman of the great shipbuilding firms of Harland and Wolff, will be the first president of the company. This post has been specially created for her, and she has declared that she will not be simply a figurehead, but will take an active part in the administration.

Throughout her married life Lady Pirrie accompanied her husband on all his travels, and she expects that the experience she thus gained will stand her in good stead in her new post.

By equipping a lighthouse with perches the British Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has reduced the destruction of birds confused by the light from nearly 1,000 a night to fewer than that number a season.

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